

THE
CRIME
CLINIC

STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

THE CRIME CLINIC

10¢
No. 4
SPRING



ANC

The Taming
of a Hood
BIG SHOT
IN THE
BIG HOUSE

The Warden's Son
THE HEART OF A CON

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Barney Bailey, Private Eye
in **NOBODY CHEATS A HANGMAN**



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THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS

in *"The Heart of a Con!"*

KELSEY! STOP!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

DON'T TRY
TO STOP ME,
DOC! I'M
WARNIN' YA!

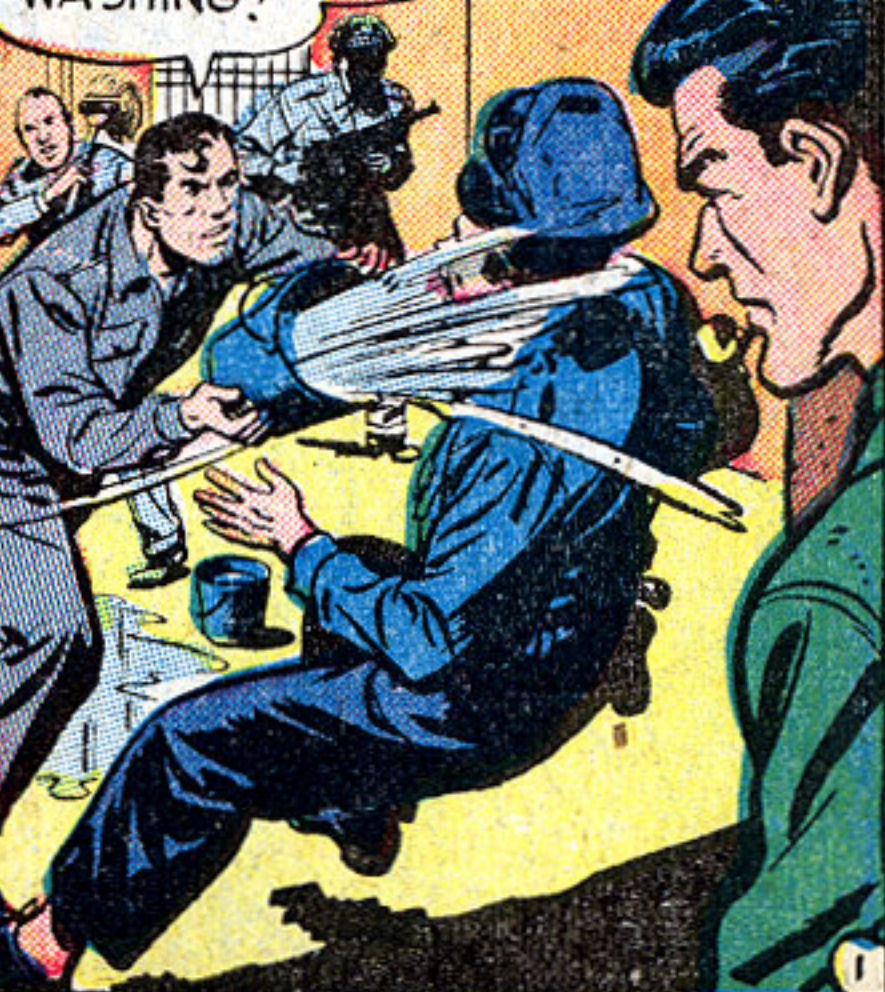
JACK KELSEY WAS THE TOUGHEST, MEANEST, MOST INCORRIGIBLE CONVICT IN BLAKELY PENITENTIARY, AND YET, DR. TOM ROGERS RECOMMENDED HIM TO BE WARDEN KENT'S TRUSTY! WHAT MADE ROGERS RISK HIS CAREER AND REPUTATION IN AN EFFORT TO PROVE THAT PROPER HANDLING COULD SOFTEN ...
"THE HEART OF A CON!"

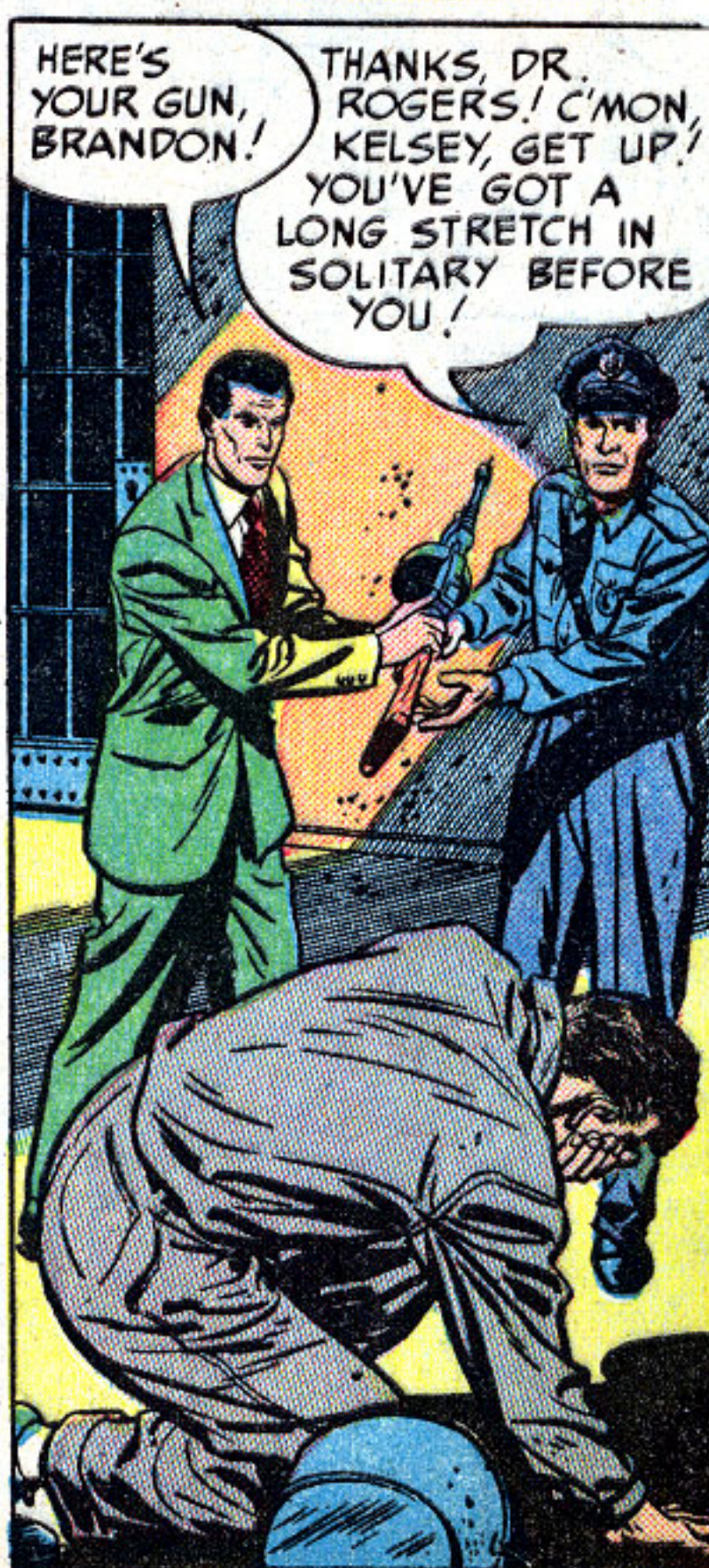
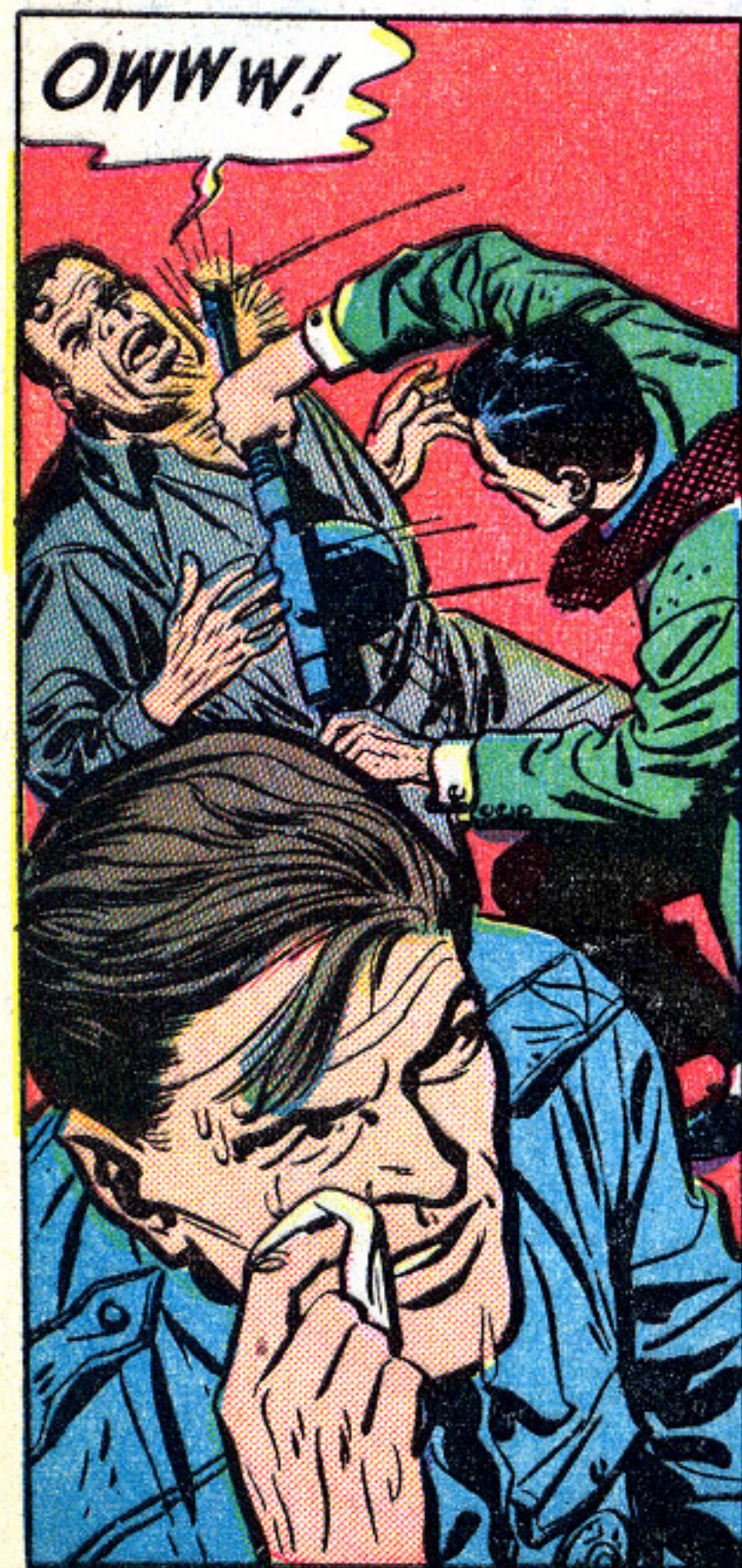
TO BEGIN THE STORY OF JACK KELSEY WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO A DAY IN 1948. AS I OPENED MY OFFICE DOOR, I HEARD A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE IN THE CORRIDOR!

DR. TOM ROGERS

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! HERE, YA CRUMMY TWIST, DO YOUR OWN WASHING!

KELSEY!







"TEN MINUTES LATER, AS I PONDERED THE PROBLEM OF THIS 'MAD DOG' CONVICT, WARDEN KENT'S VOICE BOOMED AT ME FROM BEHIND..."

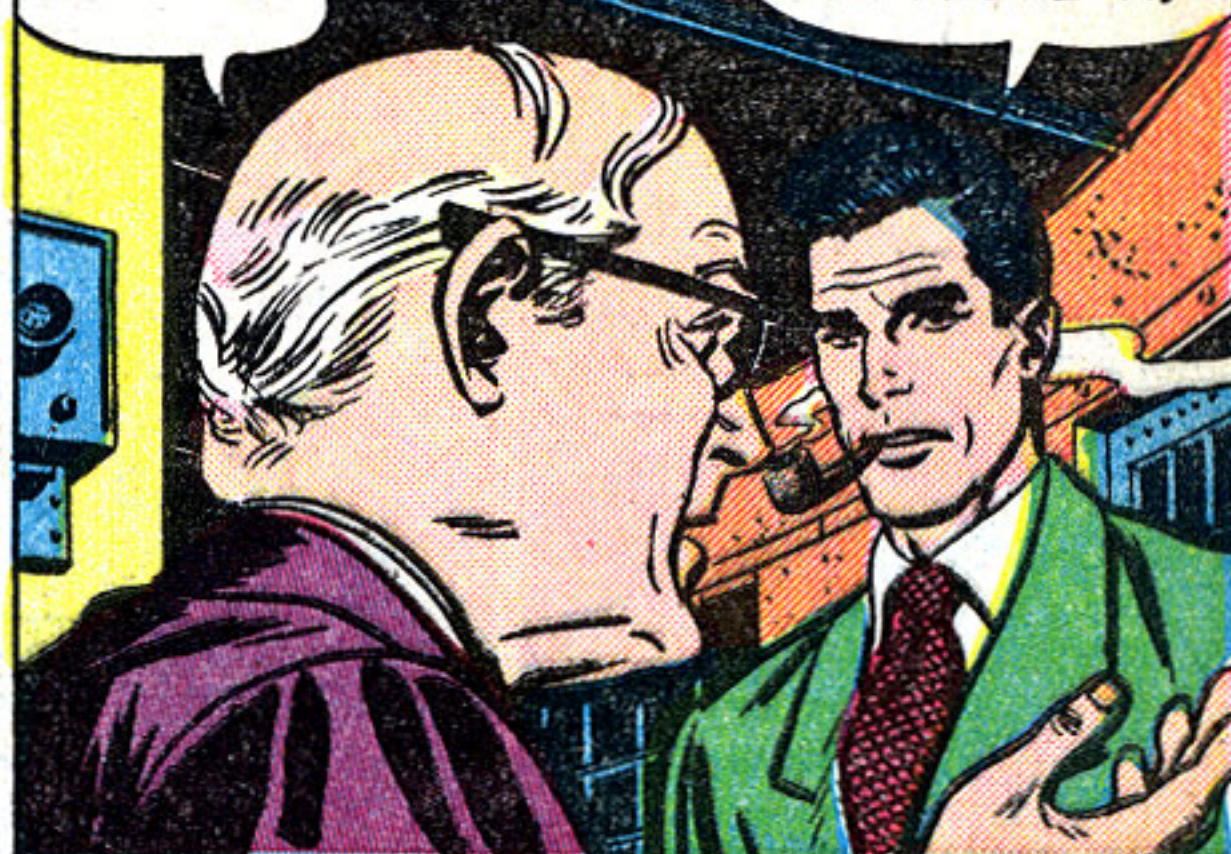
DR. ROGERS!
WHAT'S THE
IDEA? KELSEY IS
ABSOLUTELY IN-
CORRIGIBLE!
THERE'S NO USE
IN CODDLING
HIM ANY
LONGER!

I'M SORRY,
WARDEN, BUT I
DON'T AGREE WITH
YOU! KELSEY CAN BE
RETURNED TO A NORMAL
USEFUL LIFE IF WE CAN
JUST FIND THE KEY TO
HIS BEHAVIOR!



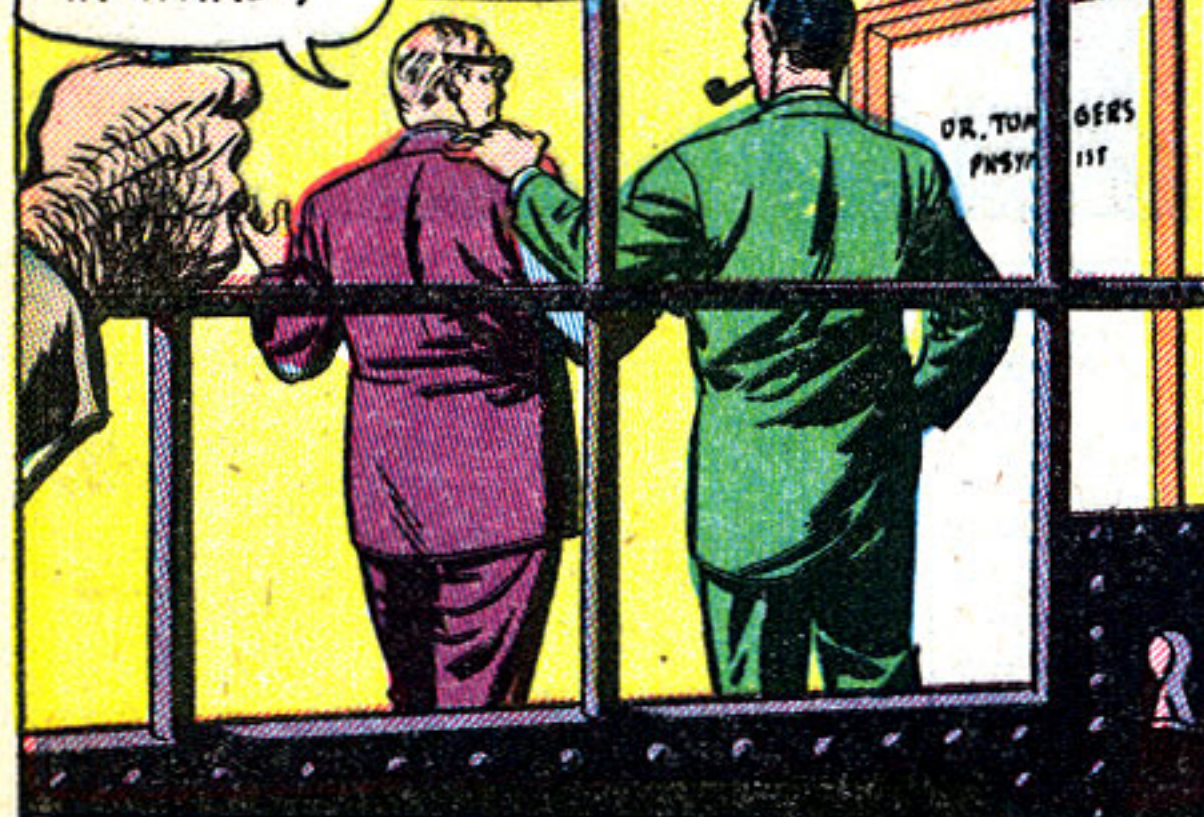
YOU'RE USUALLY RIGHT, ROGERS,
AND YOU'VE REHABILITATED MEN
I'D HAVE GIVEN UP ON! BUT
JACK KELSEY HASN'T GOT
A DECENT STREAK
IN HIM!

YES HE
HAS,
WARDEN!
GIVE ME A
FEW WEEKS
TO PROVE IT!



ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
WHAT I WANTED TO SEE YOU
ABOUT WAS A MAN TO ACT
AS A CHAUFFEUR AND HANDY-
MAN AROUND THE HOUSE!
HAVE YOU ANYONE
IN MIND?

YES,
WARDEN!
**JACK
KELSEY!**



ARE YOU MAD, ROGERS?
HAVE THAT MURDERER
AROUND MY FAMILY,
MY BOY? **NO!**
**I WON'T
HEAR
OF IT!**

WARDEN, I'LL STAKE
MY REPUTATION AND
JOB ON KELSEY!
I'VE STUDIED HIS CASE
HISTORY AND I'M CONVINCED
THERE IS A DECENT STREAK
IN HIM! SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL
QUIRK JUST THREW HIM
OFF ON THE WRONG
TRACK!



OKAY, ROGERS, I'LL
TRY HIM! BUT IF
ANYTHING GOES
WRONG, I'LL HOLD
YOU RESPONSIBLE!

NOTHING WILL GO
WRONG, WARDEN! I'M
BETTING THAT KELSEY
WILL TURN INTO THE
BEST HANDYMAN
YOU EVER HAD!



"I HAD KELSEY BROUGHT INTO MY
OFFICE TO TELL HIM ABOUT HIS NEW
JOB! HIS SURLY ATTITUDE ALMOST
MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND..."

OKAY, DOC,
WHAT'S THE PITCH?
IS THIS "BE-KIND-
TO-CONVICTS-WEEK"
OR SOMETHING?

NO, KELSEY! I'M
SERIOUSLY TRYING
TO HELP YOU!
YOU'RE TOO GOOD
A MAN TO RUIN
YOUR ENTIRE LIFE!



WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, I SHOULD RECOMMEND SOLITARY, BUT I WON'T! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE AT THE WARDEN'S HOUSE! REPORT TO THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD IN THE MORNING!

OKAY! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THE WORK! AND IF I GET THE CHANCE I'LL MAKE A BREAK!



"I MADE A SPECIAL POINT OF DROPPING IN AT WARDEN KENT'S HOUSE THE NEXT AFTERNOON..."

THIS AIN'T NO JOB FOR A MAN! I DON'T LIKE IT, AND I'M GOIN' TO FOUL IT UP ON PURPOSE!

NO YOU WON'T, KELSEY! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND!

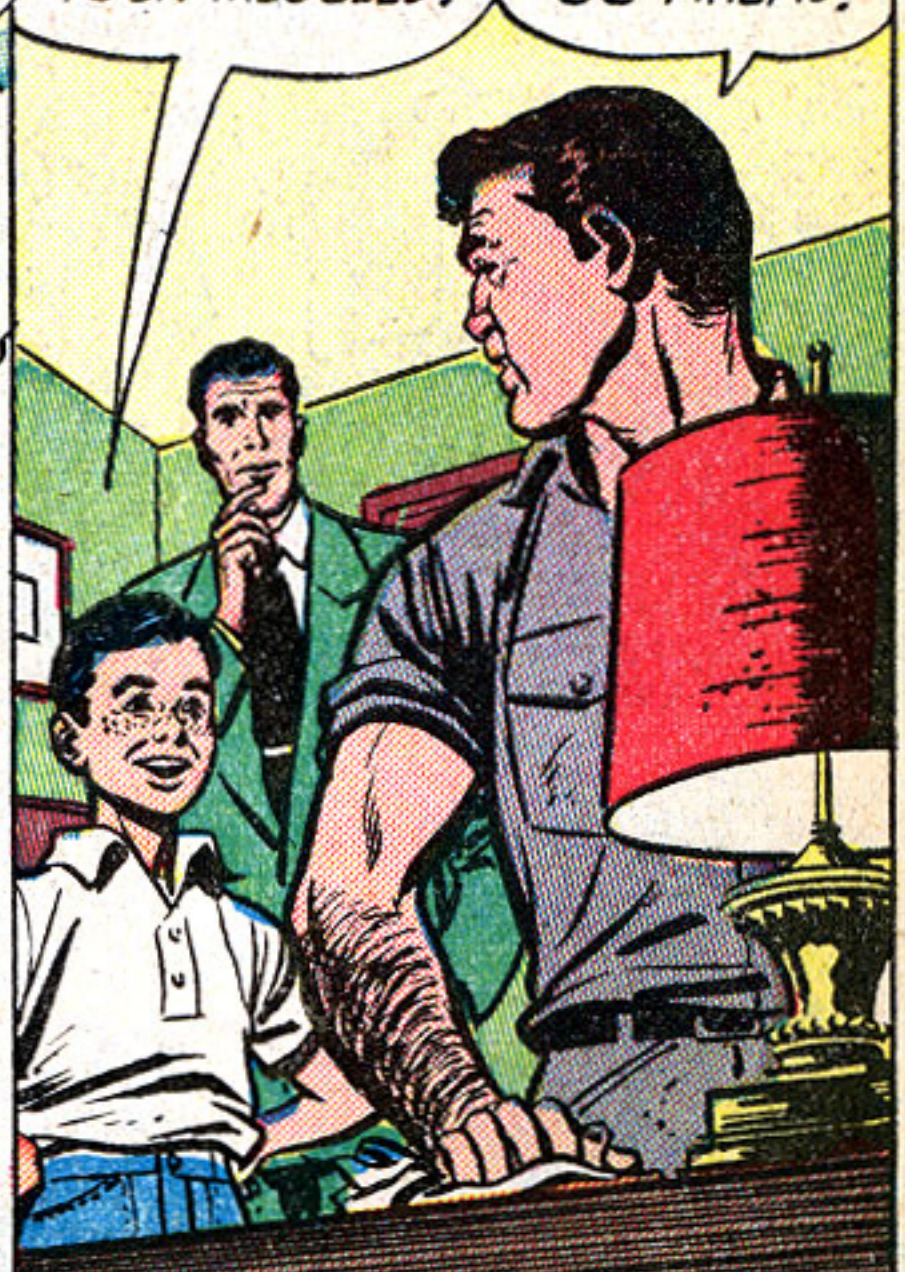
MAYBE! NOW TO SPRING A LITTLE SURPRISE ON HIM! IF THIS DOESN'T WORK MY THEORIES ARE ALL WRONG!



"I WENT OUT INTO THE YARD AND FOUND BILLY, WARDEN KENT'S SON..."

GOSH, DR. ROGERS, WHAT A BIG GUY! GEE, MISTER, I'LL BET YOU'RE REAL STRONG! CAN I FEEL YOUR MUSCLES?

HUH? WHAT'S THE BRAT YAPPIN' ABOUT? OH, OKAY, BUB, GO AHEAD!



WOW! HARD AS IRON!

SURE, I ALWAYS DONE A LOT OF EXERCISIN' WHEN I WAS A KID!

MAYBE IT'S WORKING! BILLY SEEMS TO HAVE PENETRATED HIS TOUGH VENEER!



"I HAD FIGURED A CHILD WOULD HELP BREAK DOWN KELSEY'S RESISTANCE, BUT MY PSYCHOLOGY WAS WORKING BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!"

DR. ROGERS, I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY! KELSEY'S A NEW MAN!

I THINK WE'D BOTH BETTER THANK BILLY! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S APPLYING THE PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY!



"AS THE WEEKS WENT BY, KELSEY'S IMPROVEMENT WAS PHENOMENAL..."

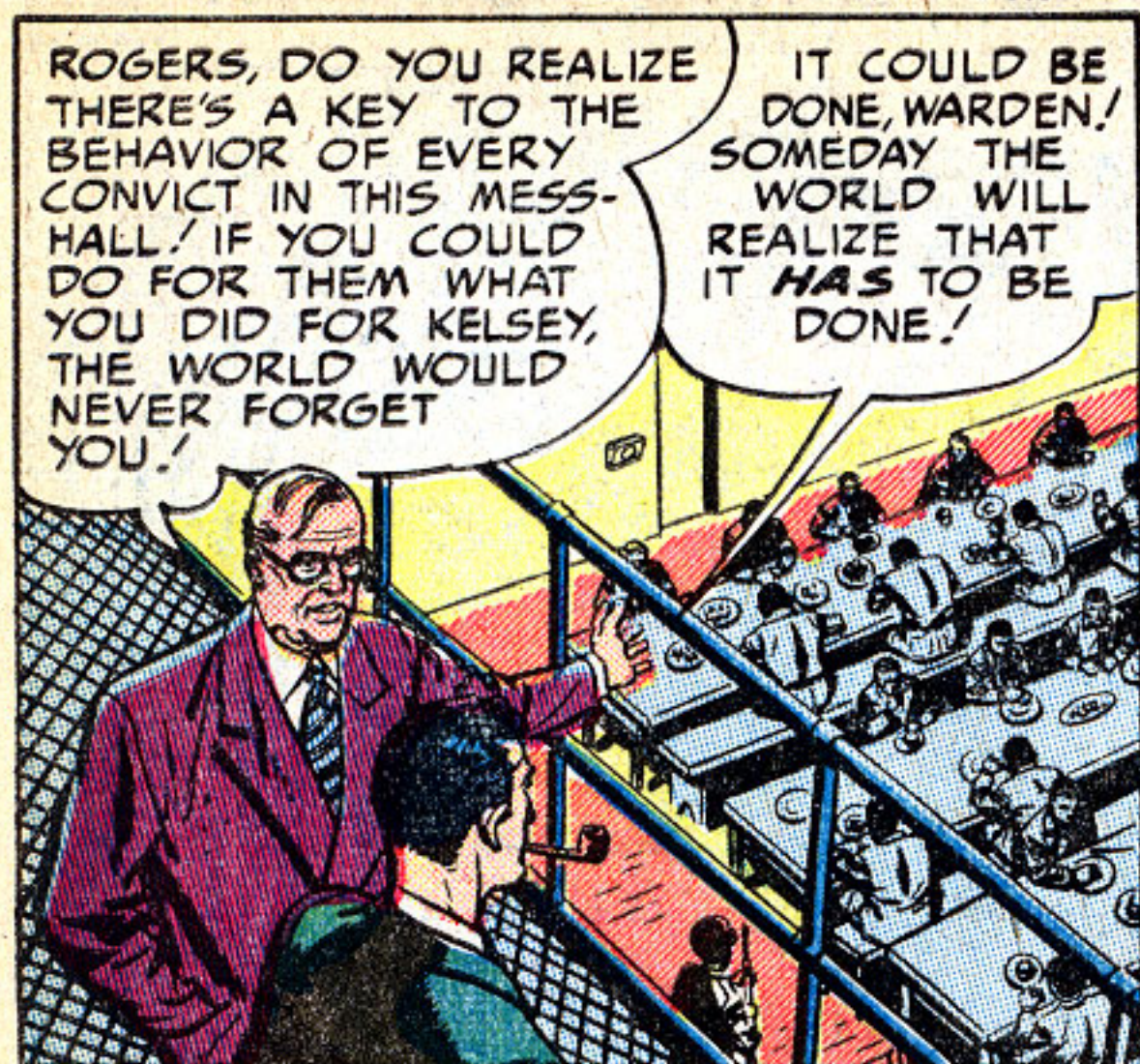
WHOOOPS, THAT ONE GOT AWAY FROM ME, JACK!

YEAH, YOU'RE TRYING TO THROW TOO HARD, BILLY! TAKE IT A LITTLE EASIER!

AMAZING! IN ALL MY YEARS OF PRISON PSYCHIATRY, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A MARKED CHANGE!



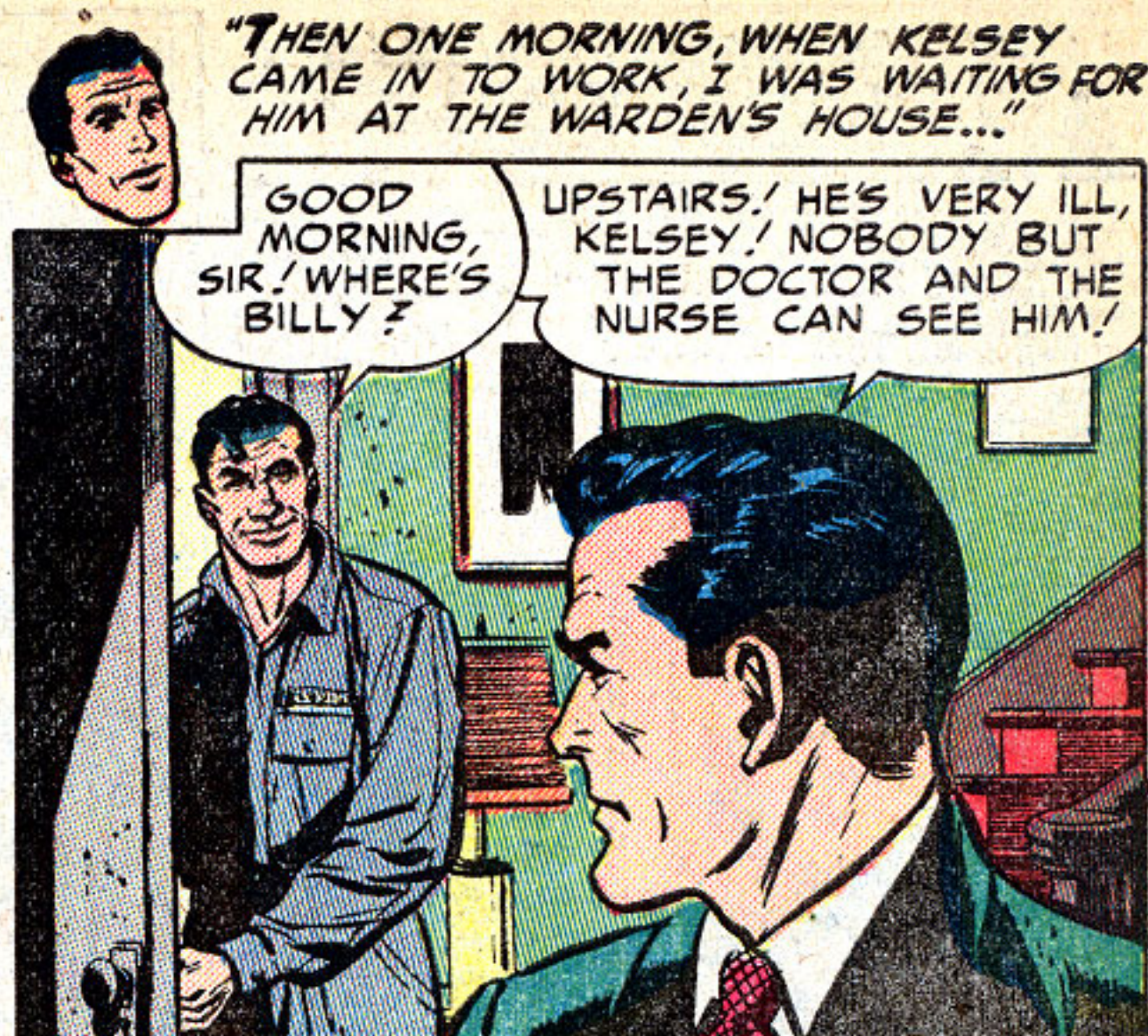
"WARDEN KENT WAS IMPRESSED, TOO..."



ROGERS, DO YOU REALIZE THERE'S A KEY TO THE BEHAVIOR OF EVERY CONVICT IN THIS MESS-HALL! IF YOU COULD DO FOR THEM WHAT YOU DID FOR KELSEY, THE WORLD WOULD NEVER FORGET YOU!

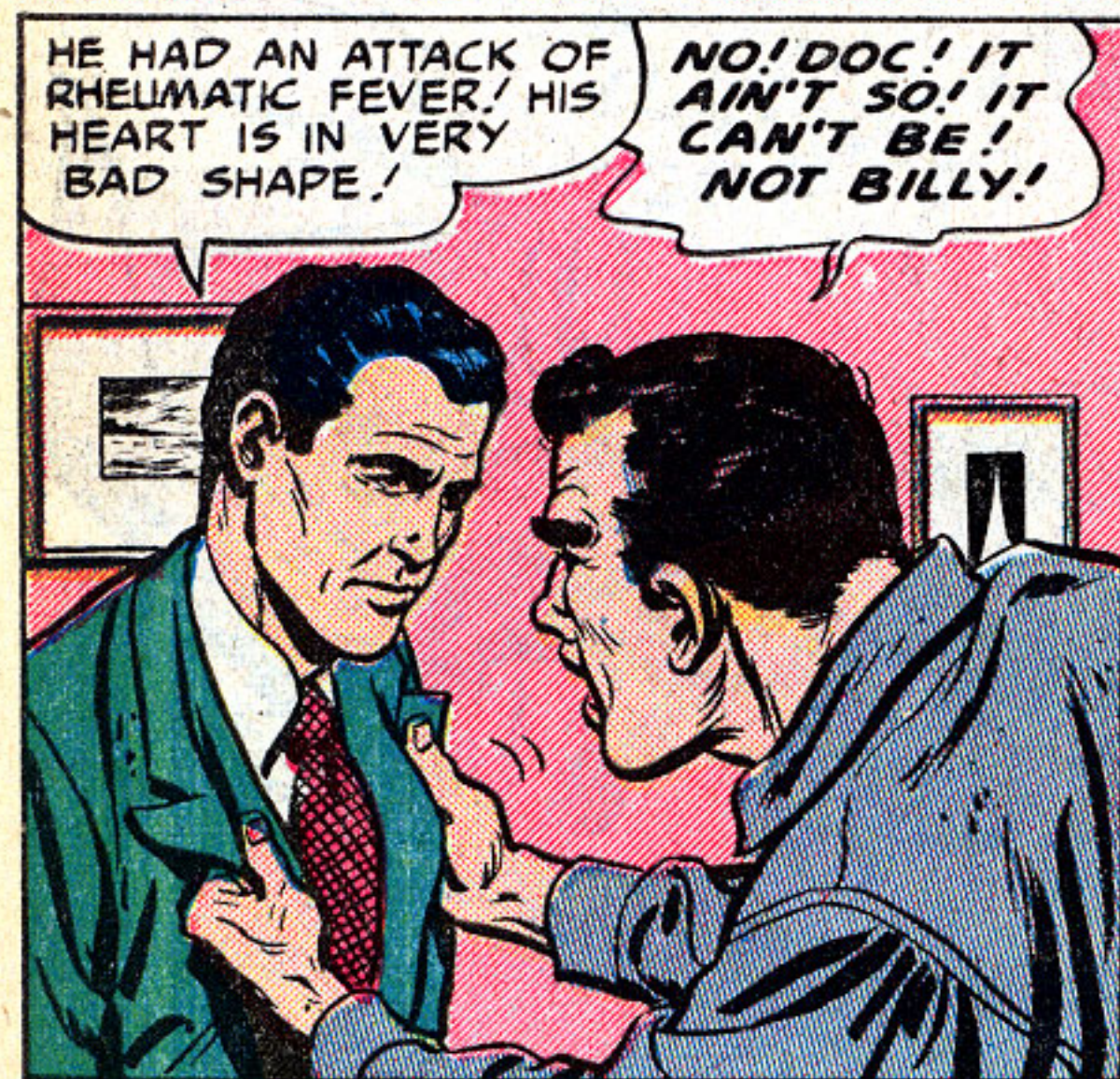
IT COULD BE DONE, WARDEN! SOMEDAY THE WORLD WILL REALIZE THAT IT *HAS* TO BE DONE!

"THEN ONE MORNING, WHEN KELSEY CAME IN TO WORK, I WAS WAITING FOR HIM AT THE WARDEN'S HOUSE..."



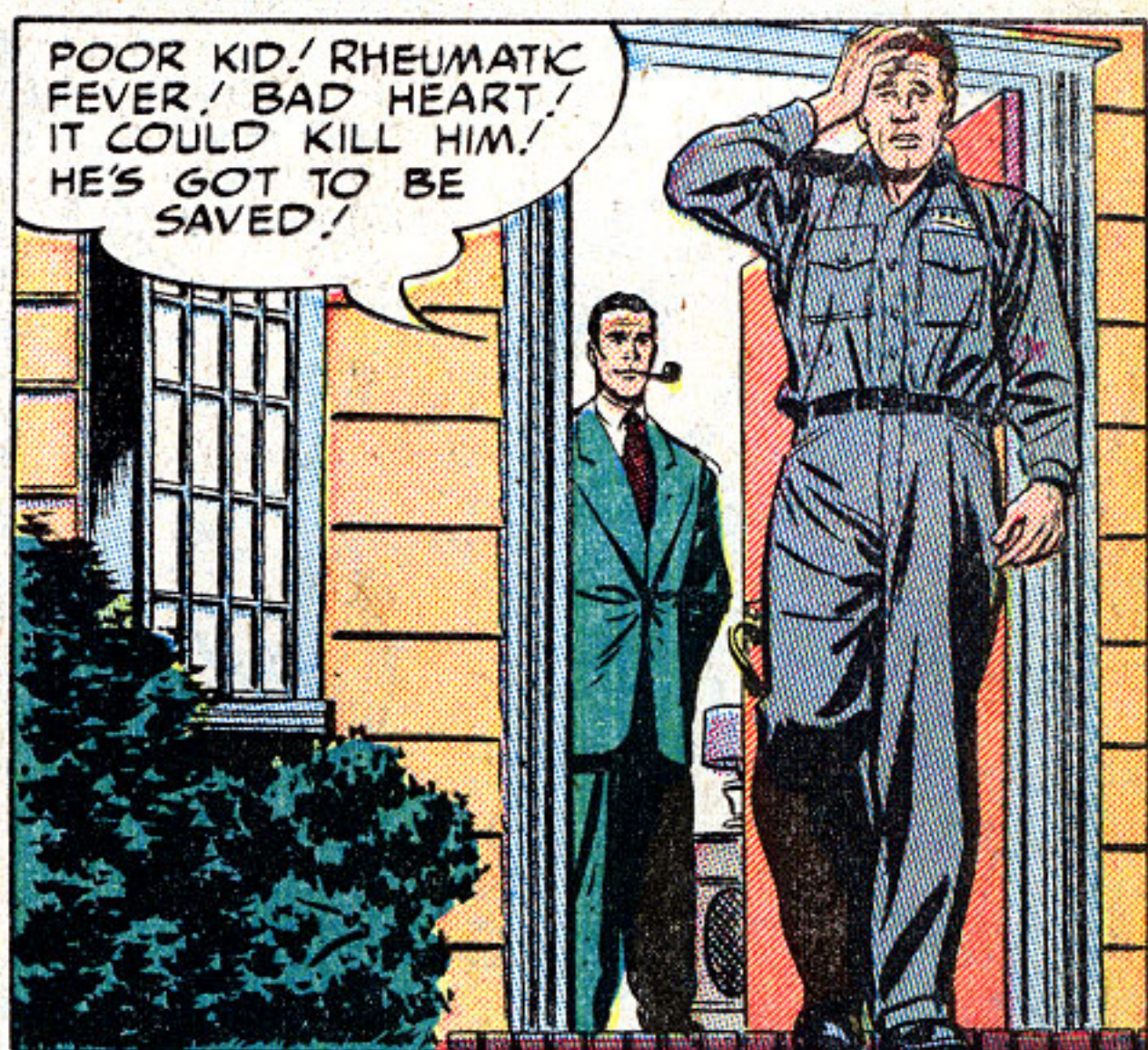
GOOD MORNING, SIR! WHERE'S BILLY?

UPSTAIRS! HE'S VERY ILL, KELSEY! NOBODY BUT THE DOCTOR AND THE NURSE CAN SEE HIM!



HE HAD AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATIC FEVER! HIS HEART IS IN VERY BAD SHAPE!

NO! DOC! IT AIN'T SO! IT CAN'T BE! NOT BILLY!



POOR KID! RHEUMATIC FEVER! BAD HEART! IT COULD KILL HIM! HE'S GOT TO BE SAVED!

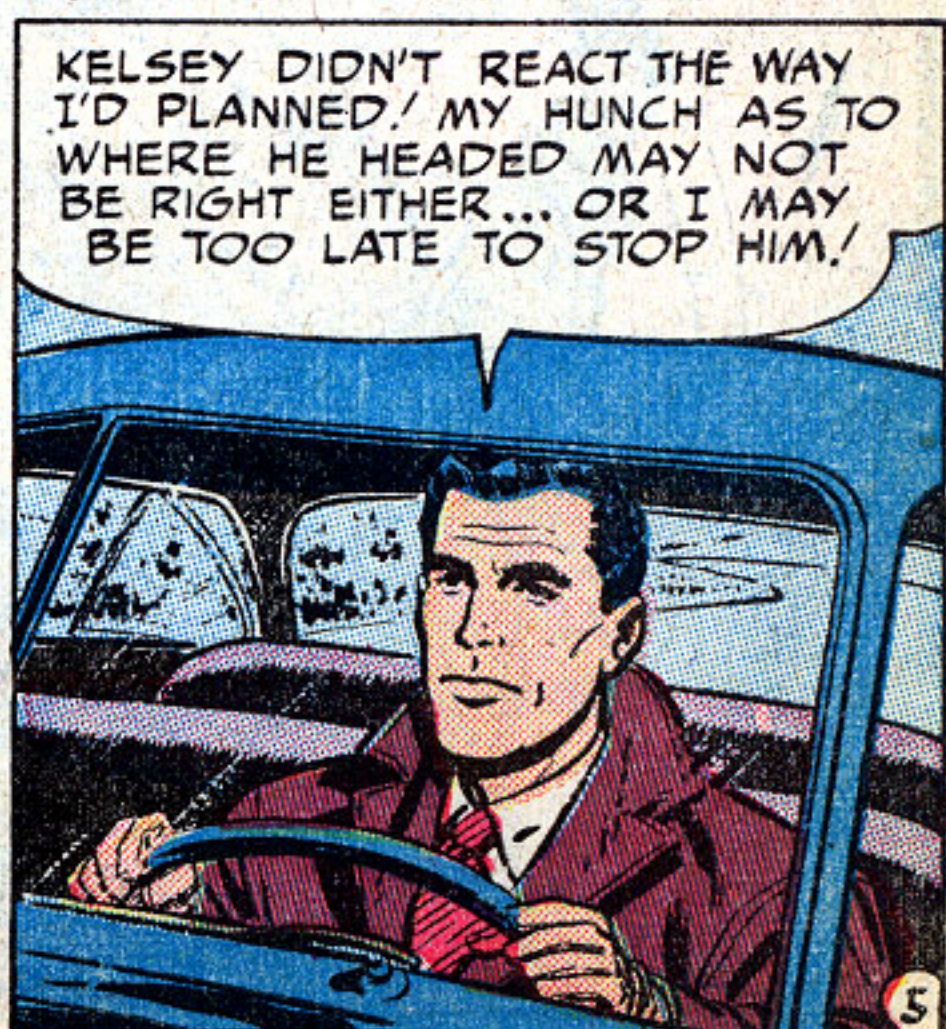
"I WAS WORRIED AT THE WAY KELSEY TOOK THE NEWS, BUT NOT TOO WORRIED! AT LEAST UNTIL AFTER CHECK-IN TIME THAT EVENING! THEN WARDEN KENT BURST INTO MY OFFICE..."



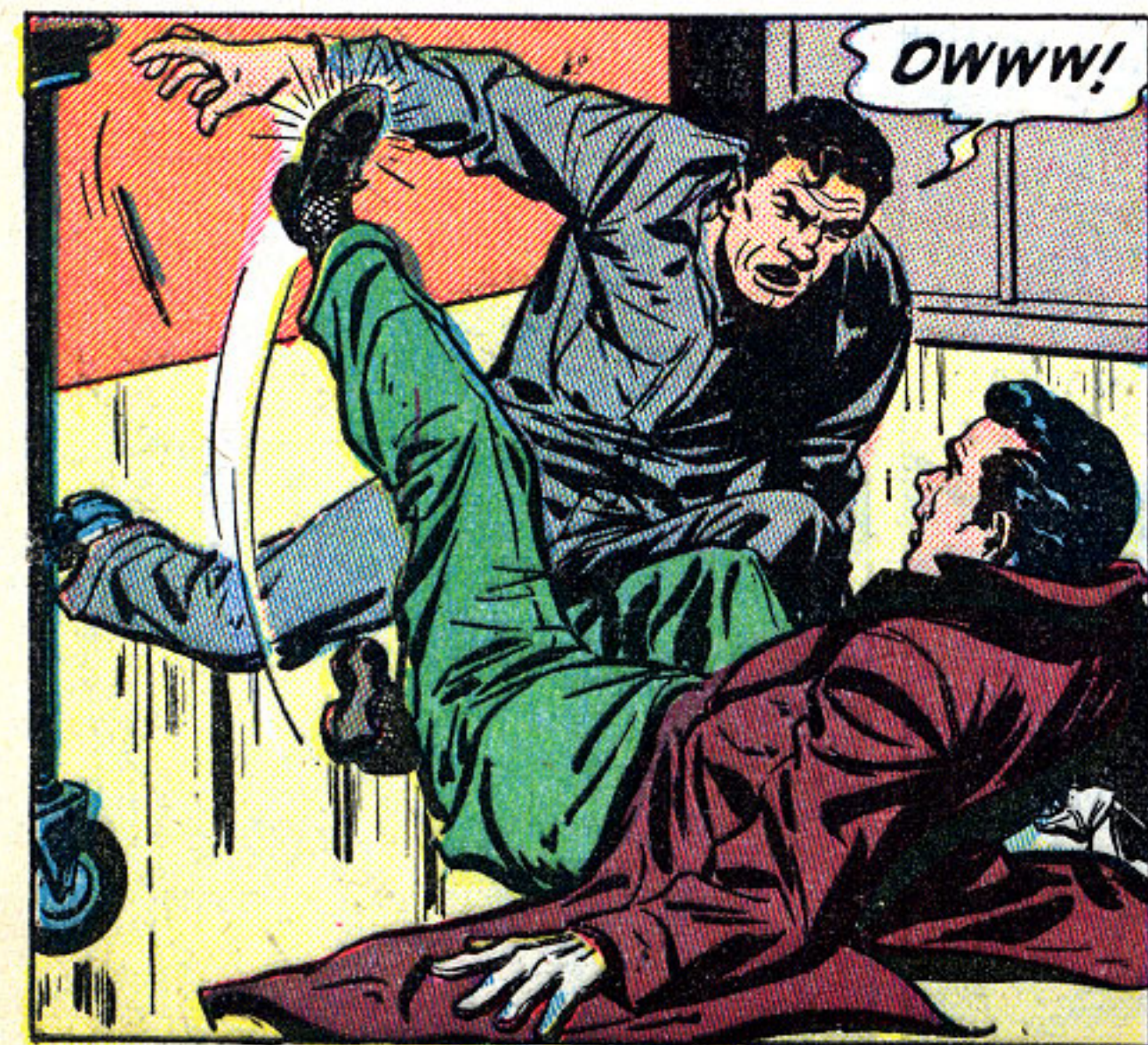
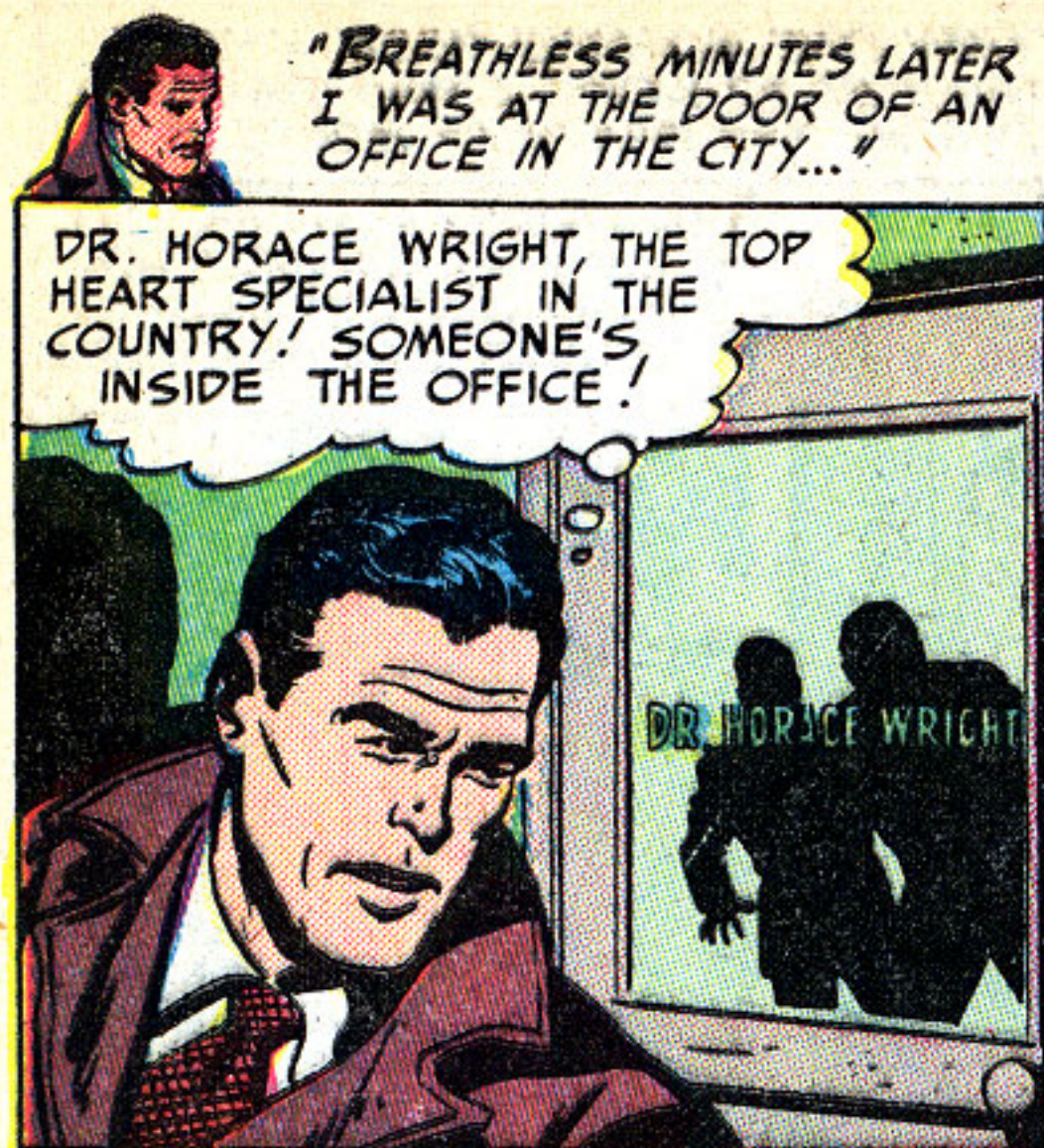
ROGERS, **KELSEY HAS ESCAPED!** HE WAS MISSING AT EVENING CHECK-IN! A TRUSTY SAW HIM DRIVE OFF IN A PICK-UP TRUCK THIS AFTERNOON! I TOLD YOU HE WAS INCORRIGIBLE! HE ONLY PUT ON THAT BIG REFORM ACT TO GAIN OUR CONFIDENCE!

THAT'S TOO BAD, WARDEN! BUT CALM DOWN! I THINK I MAY HAVE HIM BACK IN NO TIME!

"I WAS PLAYING A LONG SHOT, AND IF IT DIDN'T PAY OFF, I'D BE AN 'EX' PRISON PSYCHIATRIST."



KELSEY DIDN'T REACT THE WAY I'D PLANNED! MY HUNCH AS TO WHERE HE HEADED MAY NOT BE RIGHT EITHER... OR I MAY BE TOO LATE TO STOP HIM!

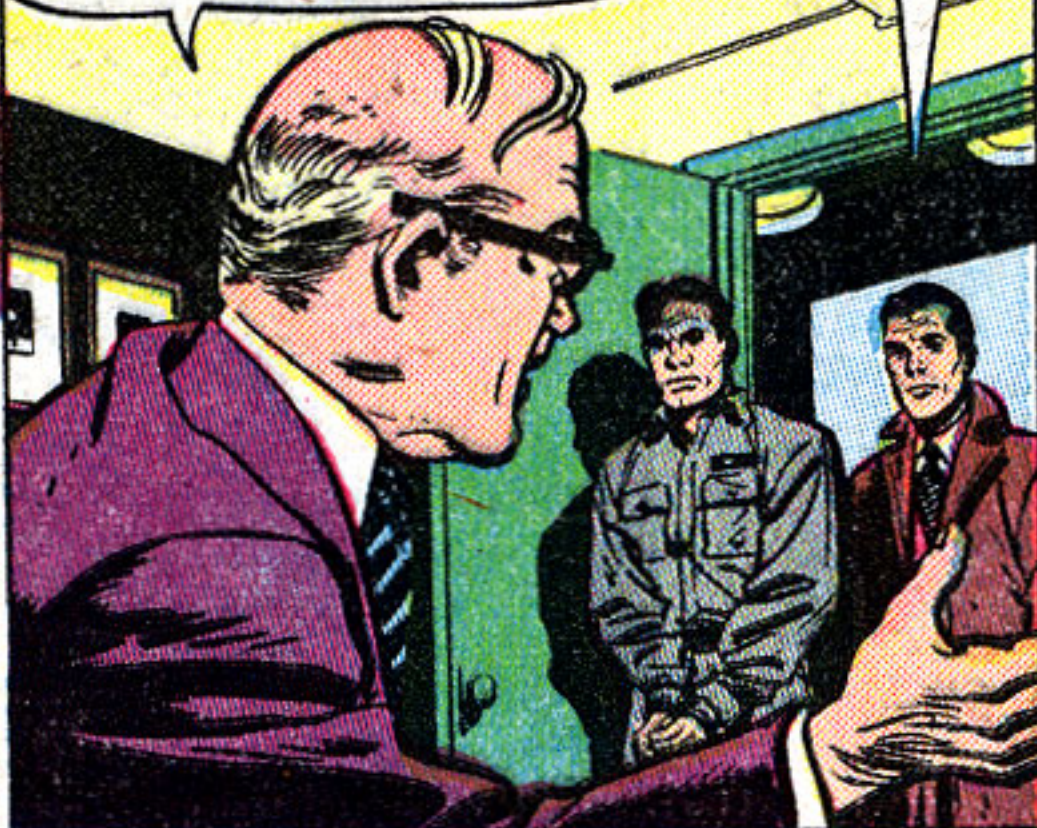




"SOME HOURS LATER, WE WERE BACK AT BLAKELY! AND IN WARDEN KENT'S OFFICE..."

SO YOU GOT HIM! LUCKY FOR YOU, ROGERS! A THING LIKE THIS REFLECTS ON THE WHOLE PRISON SYSTEM! HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN YOURSELF?

I DON'T INTEND TO EXPLAIN MYSELF, WARDEN!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT REMARK, ROGERS?

I MEAN **KELSEY** WILL DO THE EXPLAINING! HE CAN TELL HIS OWN LIFE STORY BETTER THAN I CAN! HIS EARLY LIFE HOLDS ALL THE ANSWERS TO HIS ACTIONS TODAY!



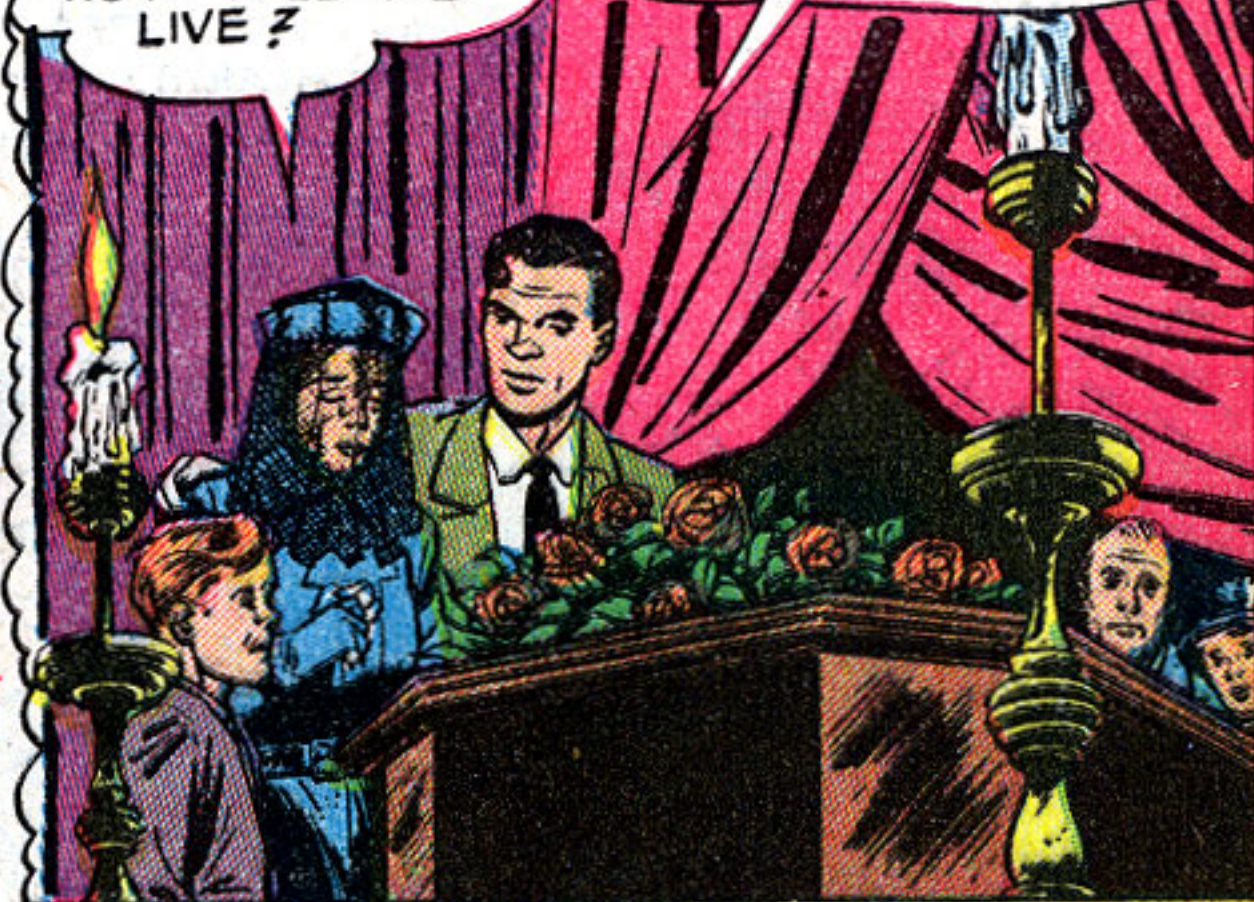
THIS HAD BETTER BE A GOOD STORY! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO A LOT OF NONSENSE!

I'LL MAKE IT SHORT, WARDEN! YA SEE, MY OLD MAN DIED WHEN I WAS ABOUT FIFTEEN!



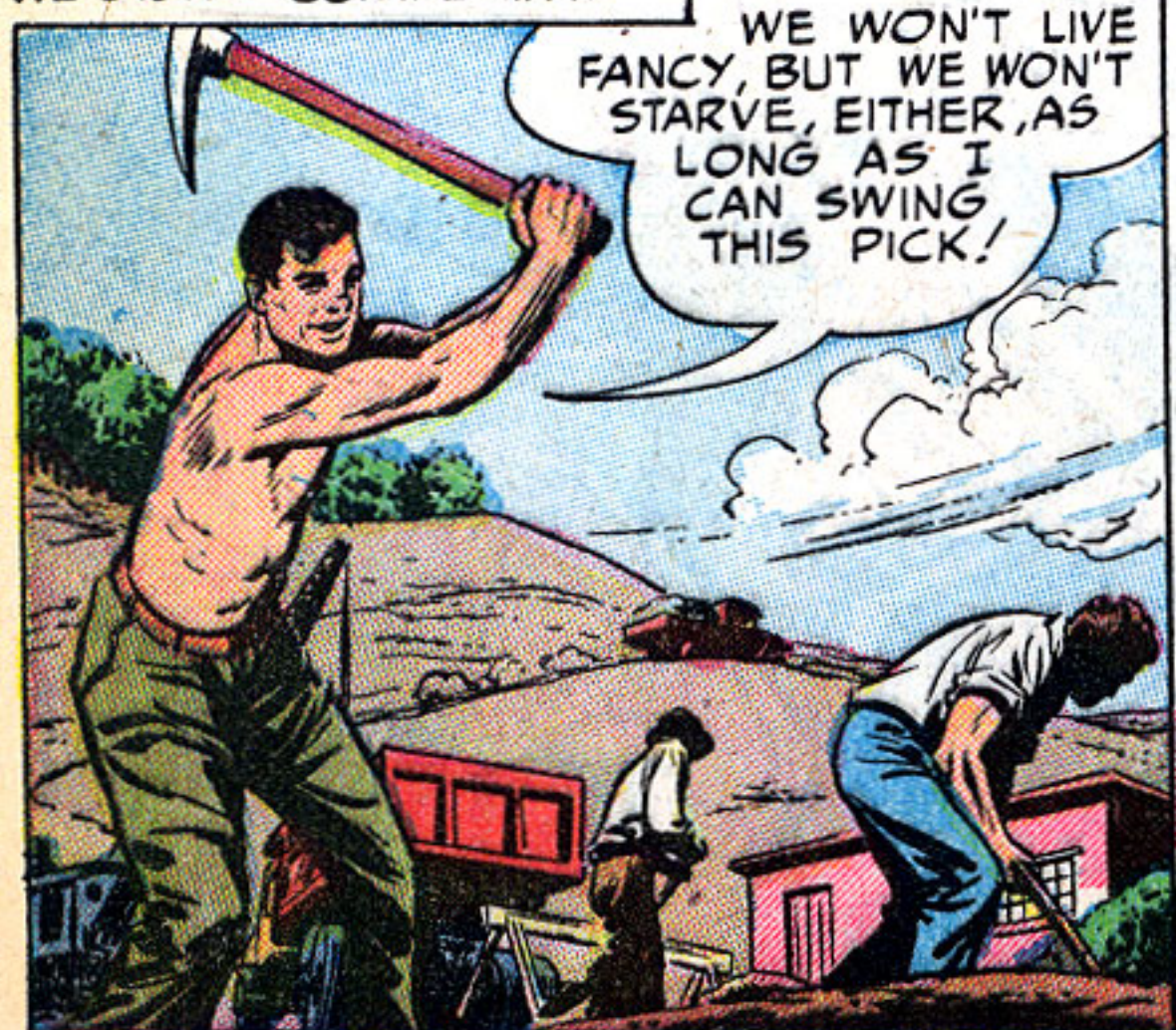
WHAT WILL WE EVER DO, JACK? POOR DAD DIDN'T LEAVE A CENT! HOW WILL WE LIVE?

DON'T WORRY, MOM! I'M BIG AND HUSKY! I CAN GET A JOB AND SUPPORT US!



"I DID ALL RIGHT BY MOM AND LITTLE EDDIE, TOO! I GOT A JOB! IT DIDN'T PAY MUCH, BUT WE DIDN'T COMPLAIN..."

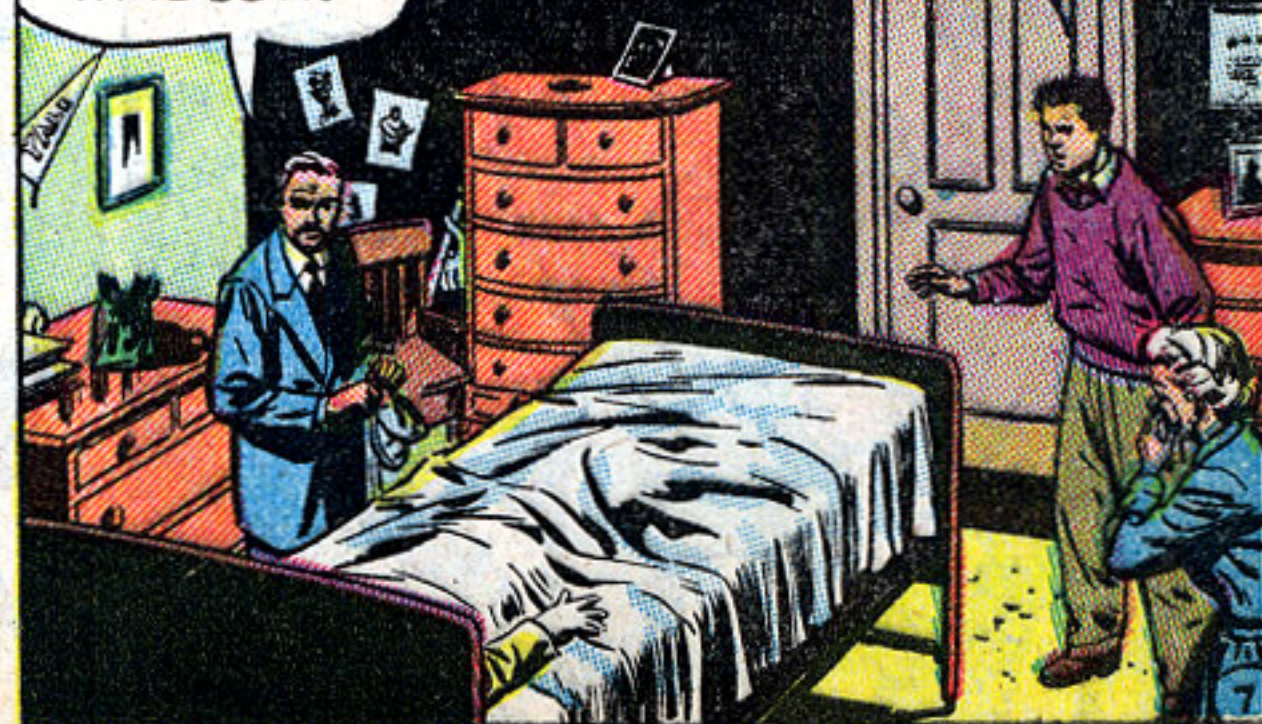
WE WON'T LIVE FANCY, BUT WE WON'T STARVE, EITHER, AS LONG AS I CAN SWING THIS PICK!



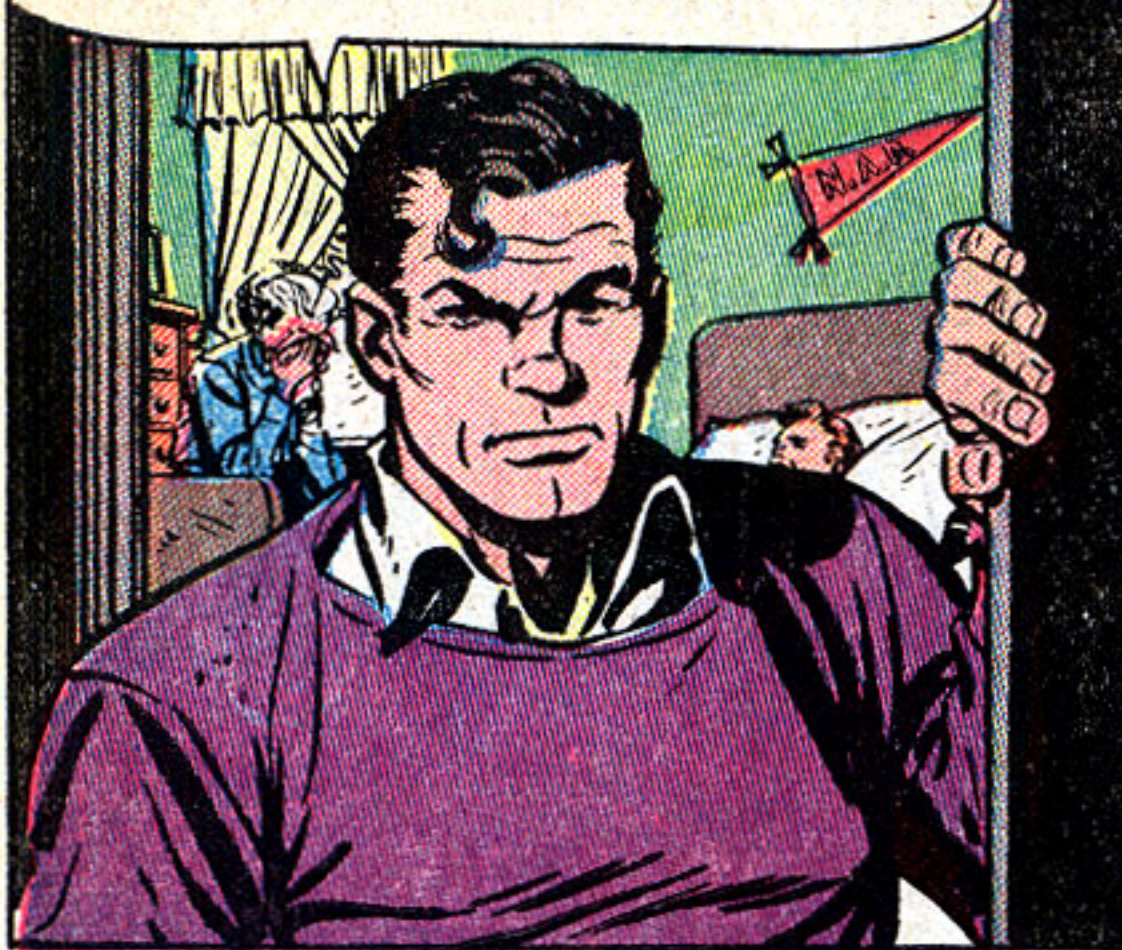
"BUT THEN IT HAPPENED! LITTLE EDDIE TOOK SICK..."

EDDIE HAS A CASE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER! IT'S DAMAGED HIS HEART! IF A TOP SPECIALIST DOESN'T COME IN, I'M AFRAID EDDIE WON'T PULL THROUGH!

BUT, DOC, WE AIN'T GOT THE MONEY FOR A HIGH-PRICED SPECIALIST!



SWINGIN' A PICK WILL NEVER BRING THE DOUGH FOR EDDIE'S OPERATION! BUT I AIN'T GONNA LET HIM DIE! I'LL GET THE MONEY SOMEWHERE!



"I STAYED UP AFTER MOM WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT! SUDDENLY, I REMEMBERED POP'S OLD PISTOL! I DECIDED THE KID WAS GONNA GET THE OPERATION!"

YEAH, YEAH! I'LL RAISE THE MONEY, FAST! THIS GUN IS ALL I NEED!

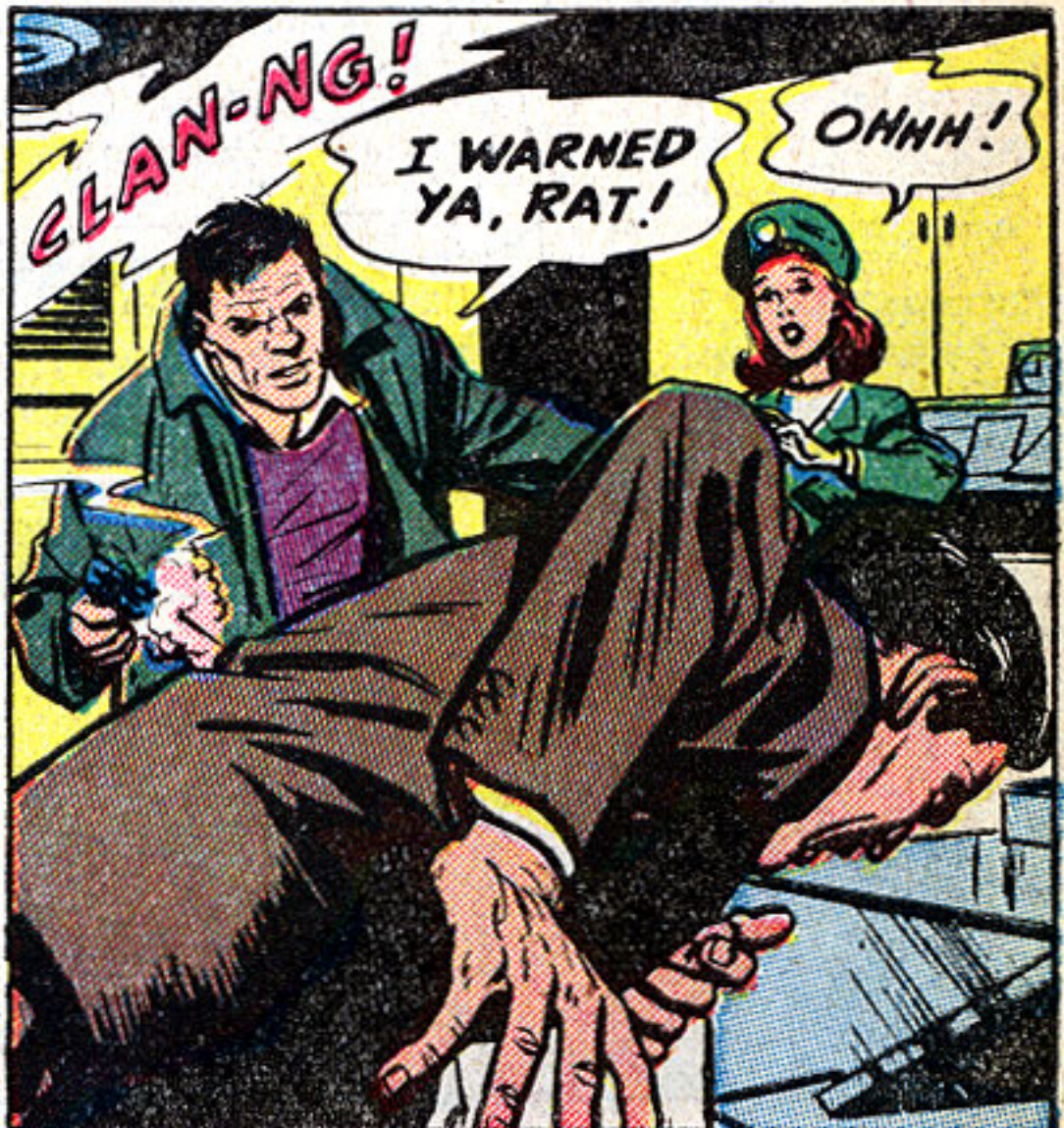


"NEXT DAY I PICKED WHAT LOOKED LIKE THE EASIEST PLACE IN TOWN, CORNING'S JEWELRY STORE..."

FREEZE, ALL OF YOU! I'M CLEANING THE JOINT OUT!

A... A ROBBERY!

YOU AREN'T SCARING ME, PUNK! I'M TOUCHING OFF THE ALARM!



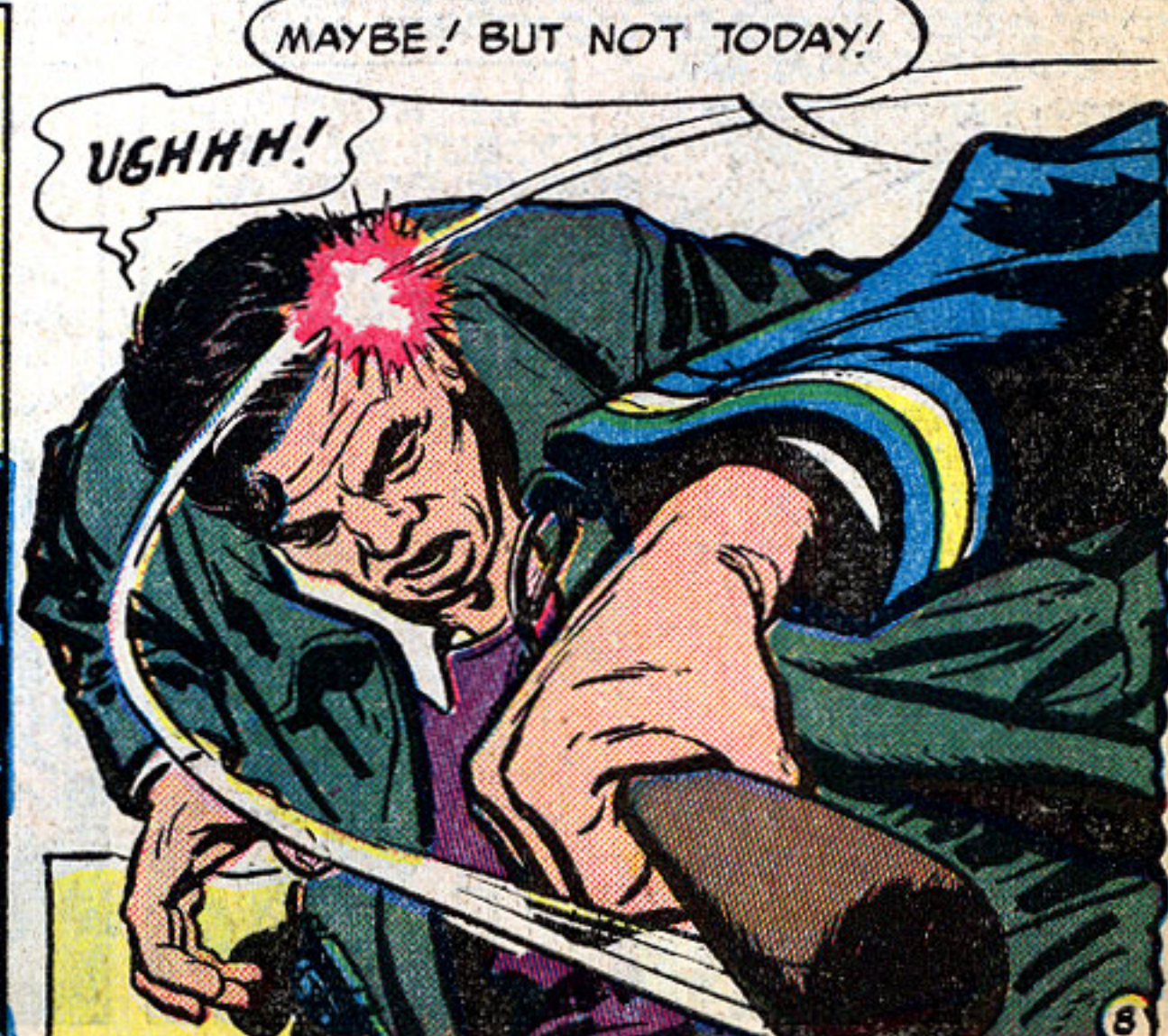
DROP THE ROD, BUM!

YAGHH, YOU AIN'T TAKING ME IN! I CAN LICK THE WHOLE PACK OF YOU!



MAYBE! BUT NOT TODAY!

UGHHH!



"AS KELSEY FINISHED HIS STORY, HE SLUMPED IN HIS CHAIR, A DEFEATED MAN!"

THAT'S IT, WARDEN! EDDIE DIED A FEW DAYS AFTER I WAS ARRESTED! I'M NOT SORRY I DID IT... **I HAD TO!**

NO, KELSEY, YOU **DIDN'T** HAVE TO! VIOLENCE, BREAKING THE LAW, CAN NEVER BE JUSTIFIED, NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON!

BUT, DOC, I HAD TO RAISE THE DOUGH! I **HAD TO TRY AN'** KEEP EDDIE FROM DYING! HOW ELSE COULD I DO IT?

THAT SCROLL IS THE "HIPPOCRATIC OATH" WHICH EVERY DOCTOR MUST ABIDE BY! IF YOU HAD TOLD THE SURGEON THE REAL CIRCUMSTANCES, HE WOULD HAVE PERFORMED THE OPERATION! HIS OATH REQUIRES THAT NOTHING MUST PREVENT HIS SERVICE TO HUMANITY!

YA MEAN THAT, DOC? YA MEAN IF I HADN'T BLOWN MY TOP... WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

YOU SEE, WARDEN KENT, I KNEW THE STORY BEHIND KELSEY! BUT I WANTED TO PROVE THE WHOLE THING TO HIM! THAT'S WHY WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT BILLY WAS GOING TO VISIT RELATIVES FOR A FEW DAYS, I TOLD KELSEY THAT BILLY HAD RHEUMATIC FEVER!

SO THAT'S WHY HE RAN OUT, EH? TO FIND A SPECIALIST AND FORCE HIM TO PERFORM THE OPERATION! I REALIZE WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO DO! BUT YOU ENCOURAGED HIM TO ESCAPE!

I REALIZE THAT, WARDEN, BUT IT WASN'T MY INTENTION! I WANTED TO MAKE KELSEY REALIZE THAT BILLY'S SITUATION EXACTLY PARALLELED HIS BROTHER'S! THEN I WAS GOING TO SHOW HIM HOW VIOLENCE WOULDN'T SOLVE ANYTHING... AND DRIVE HOME THE LESSON OF HOW IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANDLED!

I SEE, DOC! ONLY I WAS SO NUTS ABOUT BILLY I JUST HAD TO TRY TO DO IT MY OWN WAY... WHICH WAS ALL WRONG! I'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET OUT OF STIR NOW!

NO, KELSEY! I THINK DR. ROGERS' DRASTIC TREATMENT HAS SHOWN YOU THE LIGHT! YOU'RE NOT A CRIMINAL TYPE, AT HEART! IF YOU'RE WILLING TO TOE THE MARK, I'LL RECOMMEND YOU FOR PAROLE AS SOON AS I CAN!

YA MEAN THAT, WARDEN? I'LL DO ANYTHIN' YOU ASK!

THAT WINDS UP THE STORY OF "THE HEART OF A CON." IT PROVES THAT VIOLENCE NEVER SOLVES PROBLEMS! THERE IS AN HONEST WAY OUT OF EVERY SITUATION... IF WE WILL ONLY TAKE THE TIME TO FIND IT!

The End

BARNEY BAILEY, PRIVATE EYE

THE GUN IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! WITNESSES AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WERE DON GRAYSON'S ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE DEATH HOUSE. "OPEN-AND-SHUT," THE POLICE CALLED IT, AND PRIVATE EYE BARNEY BAILEY AGREED. BUT WHEN THE WHITE-HAIRED SLEUTH LET HIS HEART RULE HIS HEAD, HE PROVED TO A KILLER THAT...

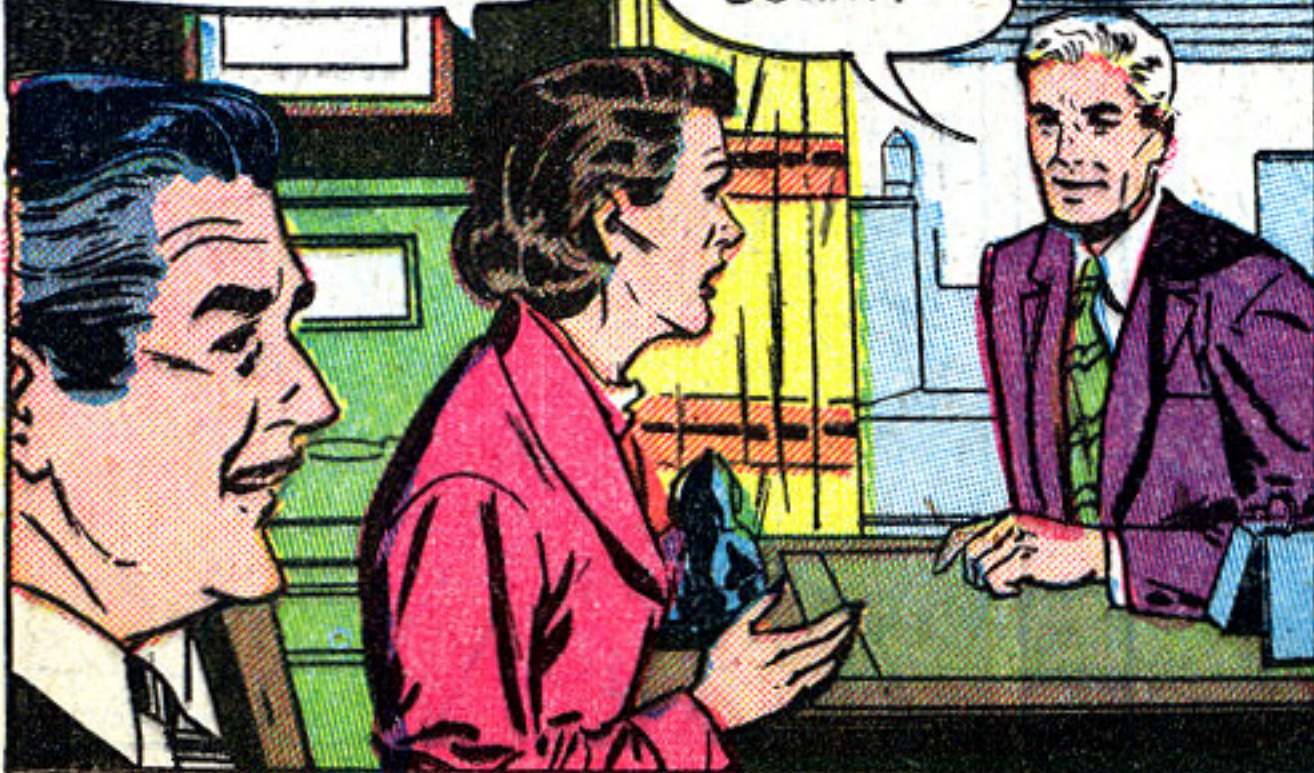
*Nobody Cheats
the Hangman*



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF BARNEY BAILEY, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...

... BUT MR. BAILEY, OUR BOY IS INNOCENT! HE'S NEVER DONE A WRONG THING IN HIS LIFE!

HE'S HAD HIS TRIAL, MRS. GRAYSON. I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. SORRY!



HE WAS FRAMED! AND THOSE NEWSPAPERS DIDN'T HELP ANY -- CALLING DON THE "BABY-FACED KILLER!"

ALL WE'RE ASKING YOU TO DO, MR. BAILEY, IS TO INVESTIGATE THE CASE. IT MEANS SO MUCH TO US.



ALL RIGHT, MRS. GRAYSON, I'LL TAKE THE CASE!

THANK YOU, MR. BAILEY!



BAILEY'S FIRST STOP IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHERE HE SEEKS THE AID OF HIS OLD FRIEND, DETECTIVE SERGEANT JIM DUFFY...

FROM THE FIRST, I WAS SURE THAT CLEAN-CUT LAD WASN'T A KILLER, BUT FACTS IS FACTS, BARNEY, AND I HAD TO DO MY DUTY!

JUST WHAT WERE THE FACTS, JIM? BY THE TIME THE NEWSPAPERS GOT THROUGH WITH HIM, IT WAS PRETTY HARD TO SEPARATE FACT FROM FICTION!



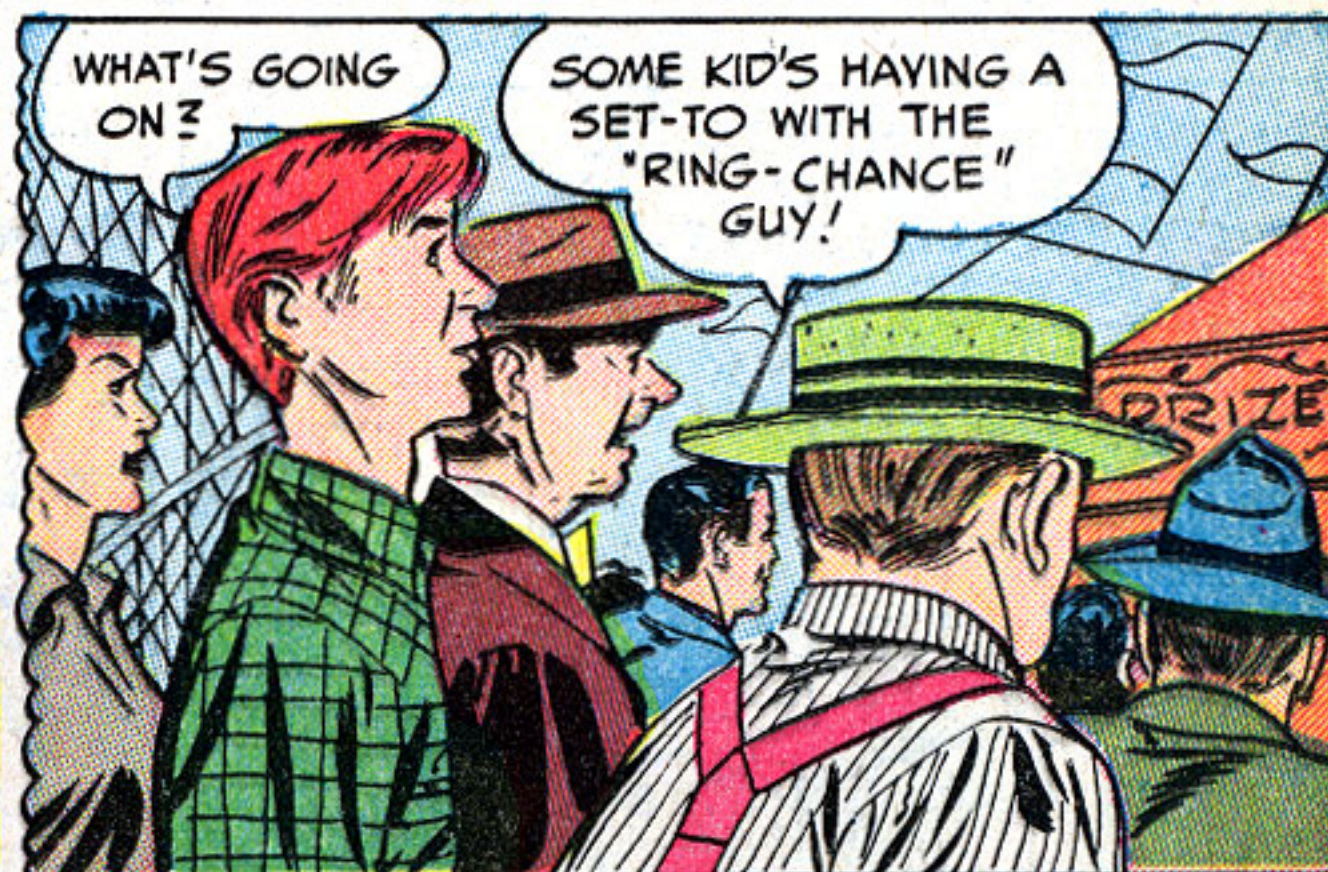
IT WAS LATE SPRING, JUST AFTER CASCADES AMUSEMENT PARK OPENED FOR THE SEASON.. YOUNG DON GRAYSON, STATE RIFLE CHAMPION, SET OUT FOR AN EVENING OF FUN...

Grayson Case



WHAT'S GOING ON?

SOME KID'S HAVING A SET-TO WITH THE "RING-CHANCE" GUY!



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU SAW! THAT WASN'T A WINNING NUMBER! NOW, EITHER PLAY THE GAME OR MOVE ALONG!

THAT'S THE TWELFTH QUARTER I'VE LOST HERE! WHAT A RACKET!

"TREMBLING WITH RAGE, DON VISITED THE SHOOTING GALLERY..."

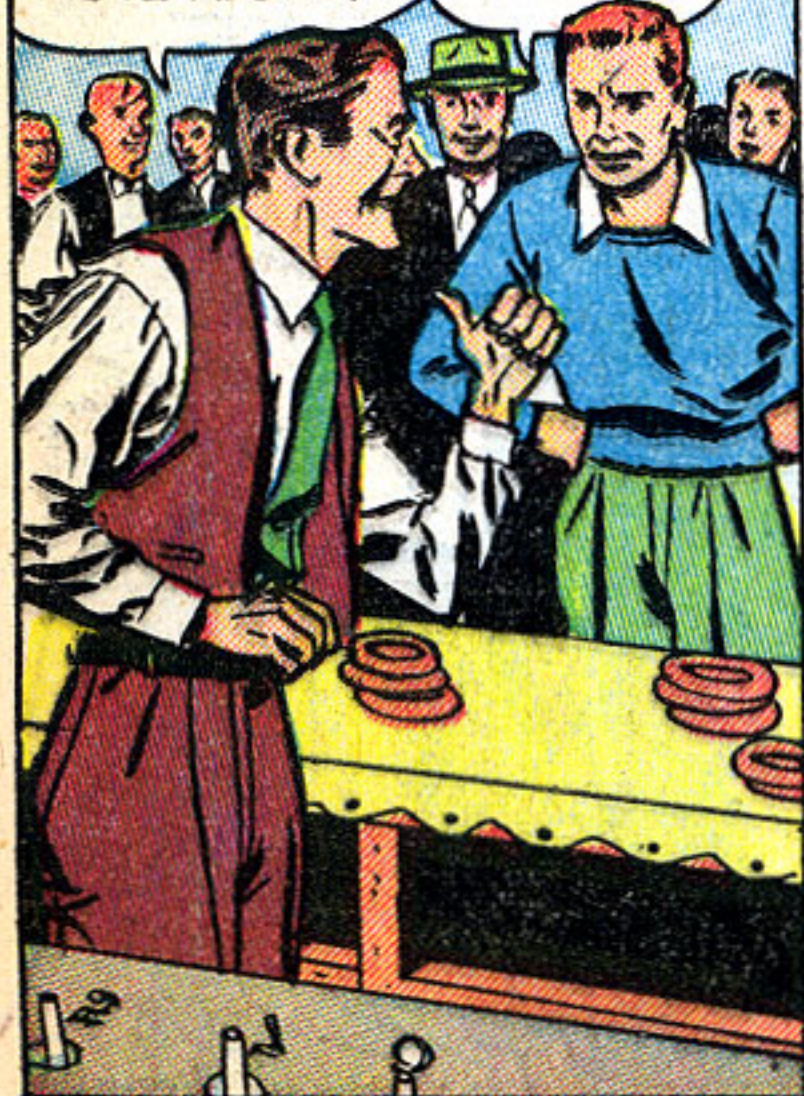
BOY, AM I BAD TONIGHT! I CAN'T EVEN HIT THESE EASY TARGETS!

WELL, THAT RUN-IN WITH SWANSON DIDN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, BUT I'D STILL BET ON YOU IN A MATCH...

NAW, THIS JUST ISN'T MY NIGHT! HE OUGHTA BE SHOT FOR RUNNING A SKIN-GAME LIKE THAT! WELL, SEE YOU AROUND!

TAKE IT EASY, YOUNG FELLER!

15 SHOTS 25



"THEN IT HAPPENED! BUT IN THE GENERAL HURDY-GURDY OF AMUSEMENT PARK NOISE, THE 'CRACK!' OF THE MURDER GUN WENT UNNOTICED, UNTIL SOMEONE SAW SWANSON CRUMPLE TO THE GROUND..."

SOMEONE GOT HURT?

SOMEONE GOT **KILLED!** SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!

"BY THE TIME DON REACHED THE GATE, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAS WAITING..."

THAT'S HIM, OFFICER! HE'S THE ONE!



"DAY AFTER DAY, THE EVIDENCE PILED UP..."

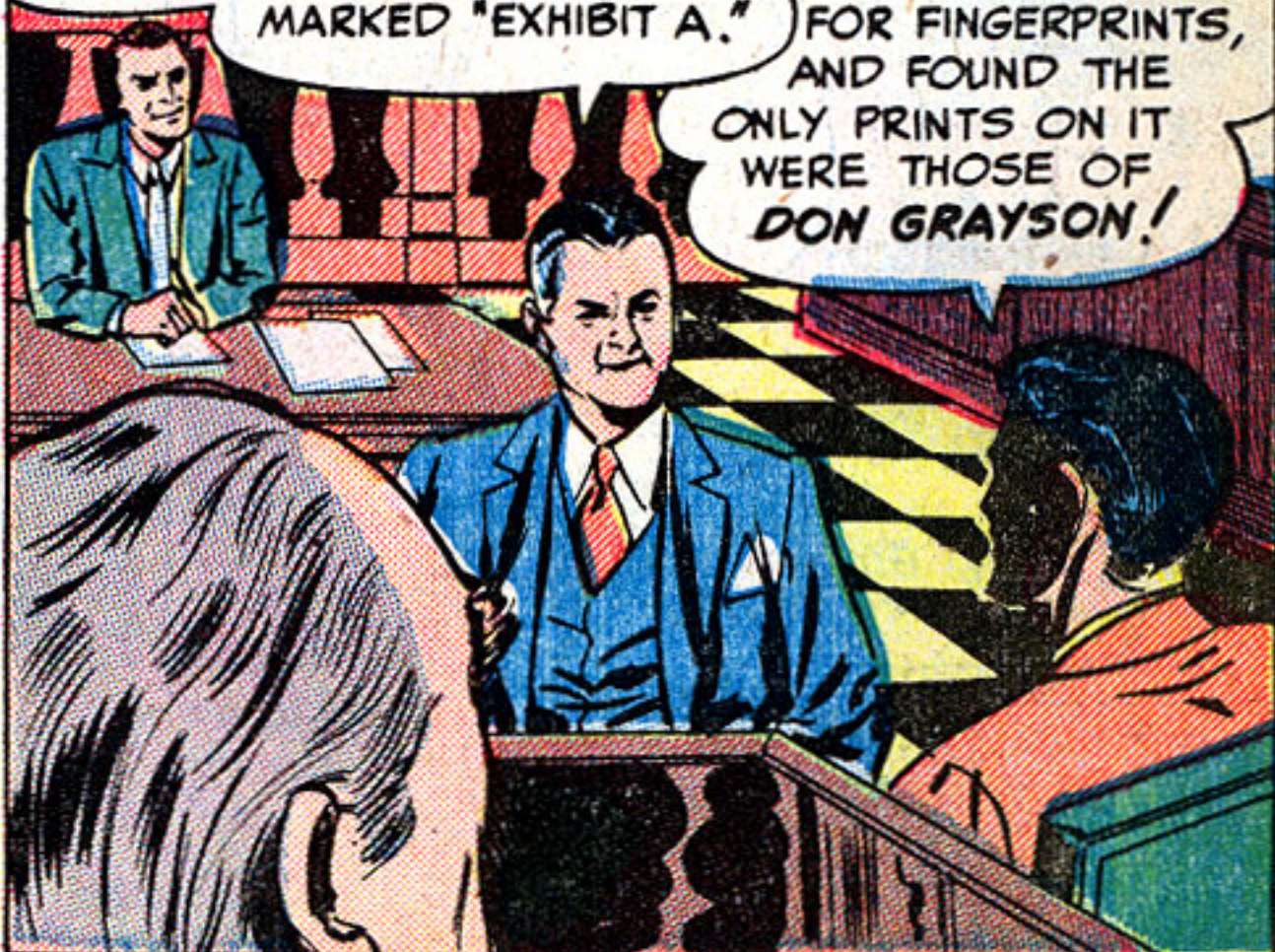
AS A BALLISTICS EXPERT, YOU ARE WILLING TO SWEAR THE BULLET WAS FIRED FROM THE GUN CALLED "EXHIBIT A?"

YES, SIR!

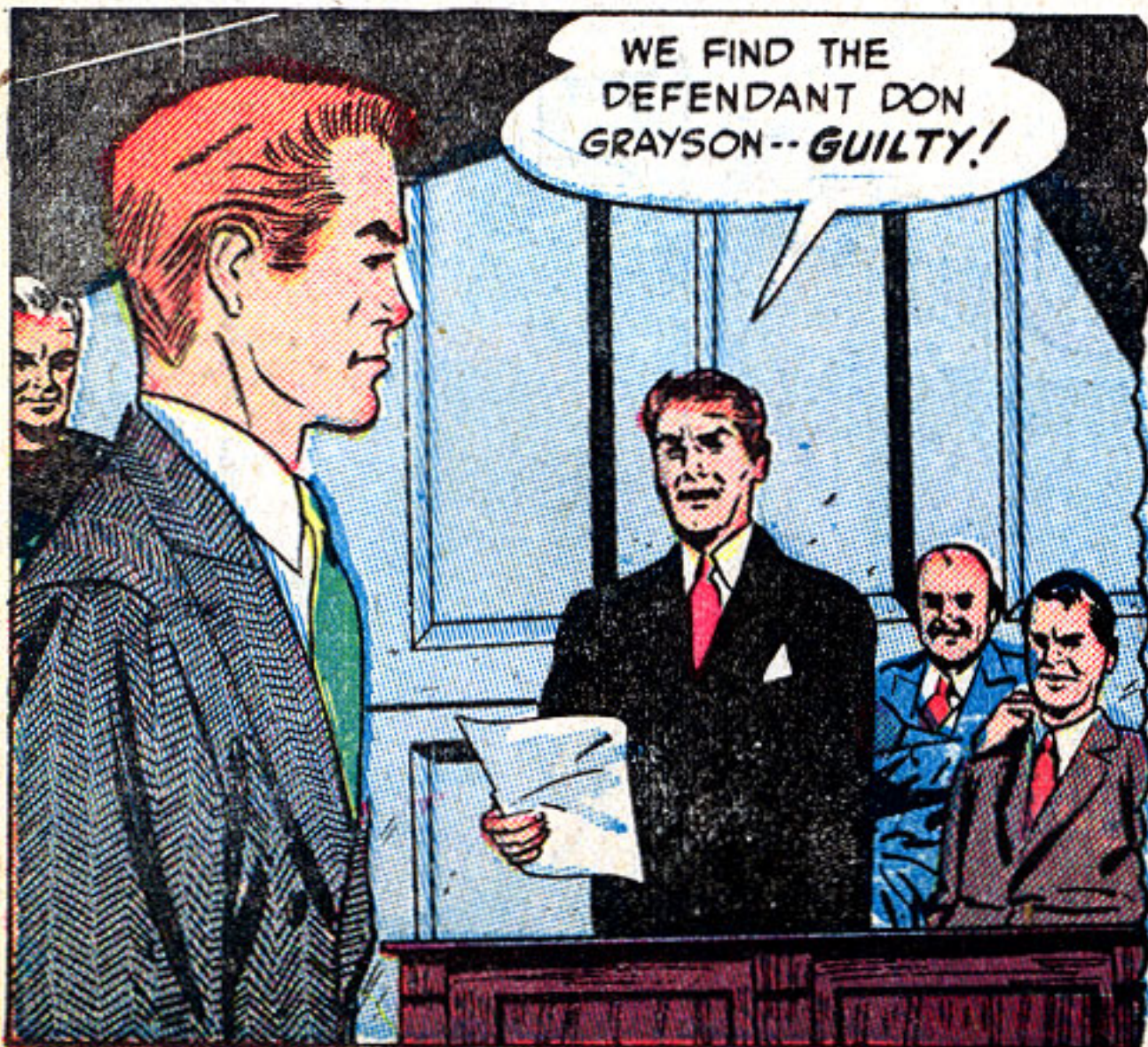


YOU ARE A FINGERPRINT EXPERT. TELL THE COURT WHAT EVIDENCE YOU FOUND ON THE GUN MARKED "EXHIBIT A."

I CHECKED THE GUN MARKED "EXHIBIT A" FOR FINGERPRINTS, AND FOUND THE ONLY PRINTS ON IT WERE THOSE OF **DON GRAYSON!**



WE FIND THE DEFENDANT DON GRAYSON-- **GUILTY!**



WELL, THAT'S IT, BARNEY!

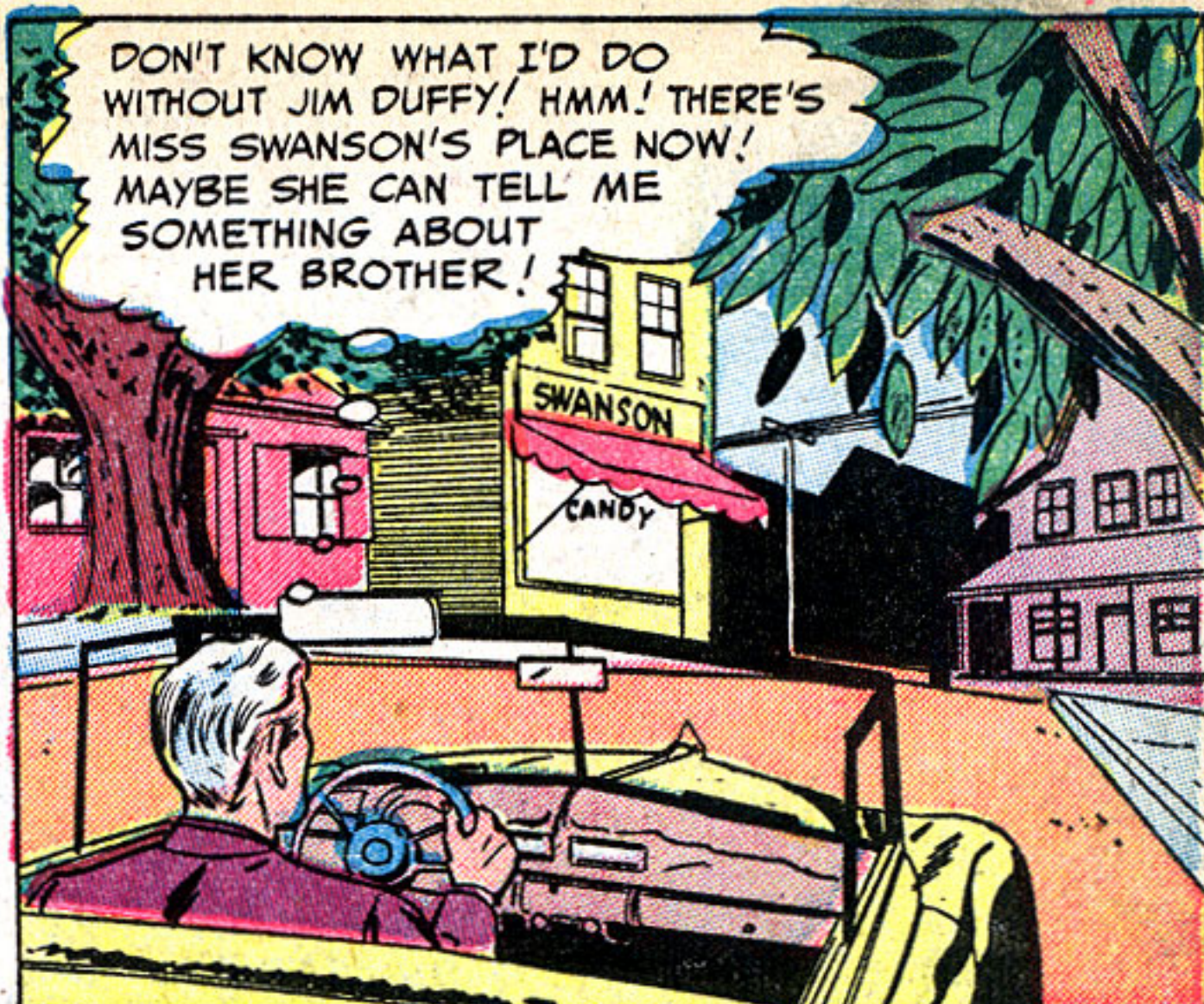
THERE'S **GOT** TO BE A LOOPHOLE SOMEWHERE, JIM! WHAT ABOUT FEELEY?



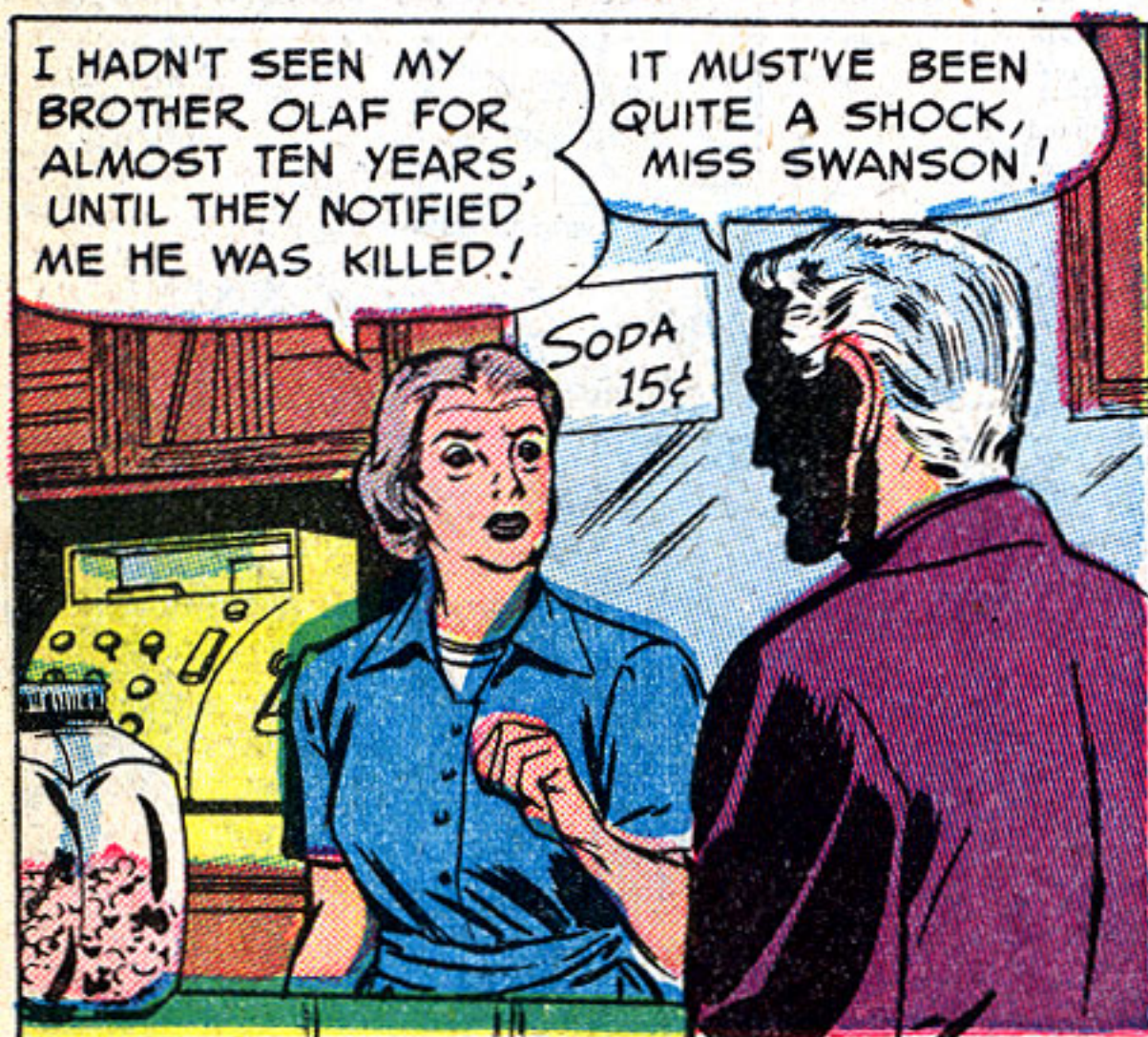


HE TESTIFIED
IN COURT THAT
HE CAN'T
SHOOT AT
ALL!

SOMETHING'S FISHY
ABOUT THIS! I DON'T
TRUST THIS FEELEY
CHARACTER! WELL, JIM,
THANKS LOADS!



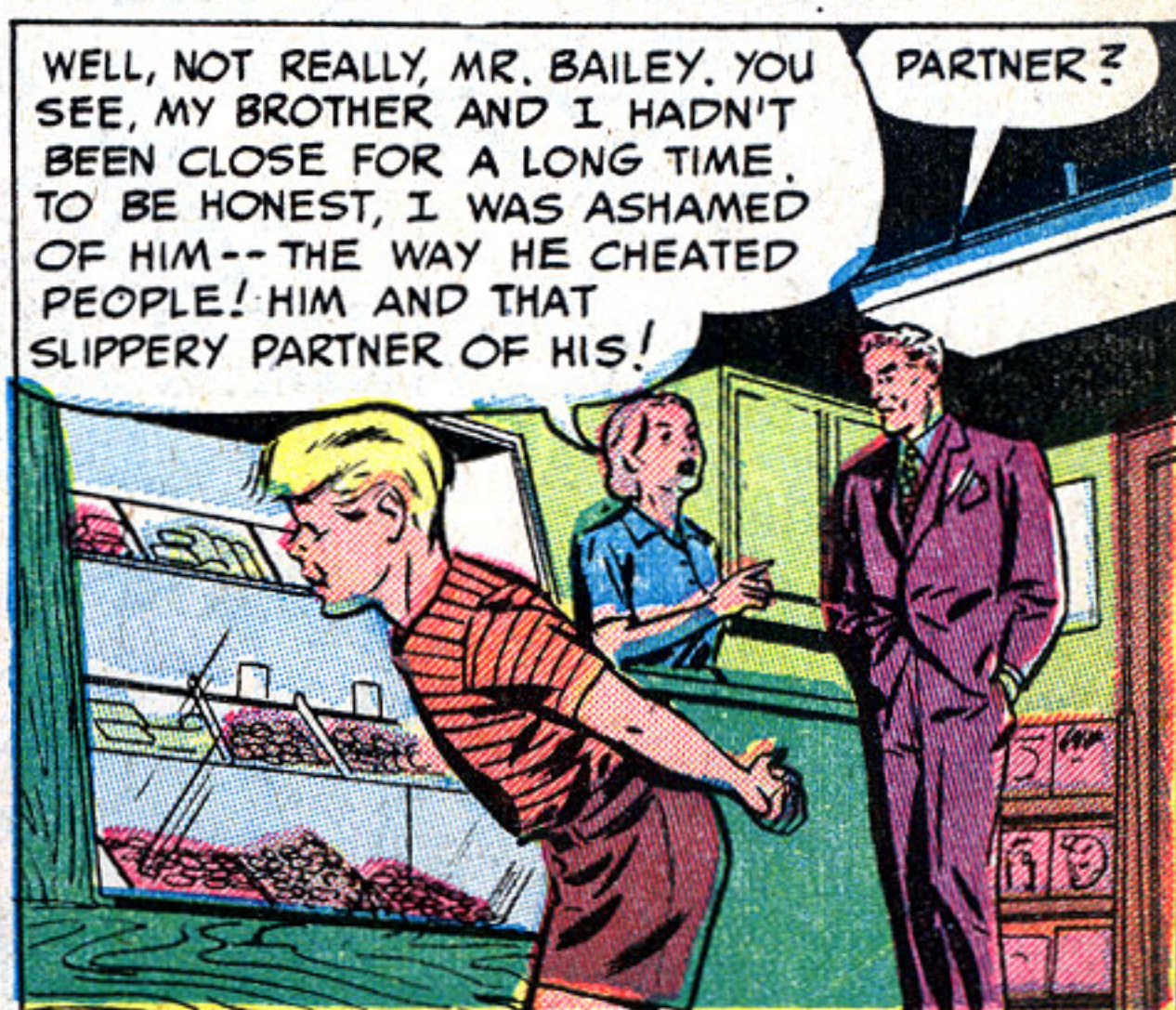
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO
WITHOUT JIM DUFFY! HMM! THERE'S
MISS SWANSON'S PLACE NOW!
MAYBE SHE CAN TELL ME
SOMETHING ABOUT
HER BROTHER!



I HADN'T SEEN MY
BROTHER OLAF FOR
ALMOST TEN YEARS,
UNTIL THEY NOTIFIED
ME HE WAS KILLED!

IT MUST'VE BEEN
QUITE A SHOCK,
MISS SWANSON!

SODA
15¢



WELL, NOT REALLY, MR. BAILEY. YOU
SEE, MY BROTHER AND I HADN'T
BEEN CLOSE FOR A LONG TIME.
TO BE HONEST, I WAS ASHAMED
OF HIM-- THE WAY HE CHEATED
PEOPLE! HIM AND THAT
SLIPPERY PARTNER OF HIS!

PARTNER?



YES! JOE PHELAN! DARK SKINNED,
RATHER OILY-LOOKING. SEEMED
JOLLY, TILL YOU KNEW HIM
REAL WELL. THEN THE GREED
BEGAN TO SHOW... WHY, ONCE
THEY HAD A FIGHT AND LIKED
TO KILL EACH
OTHER! THAT'S
WHEN I MOVED
OUT ON OLAF!
I'M AFRAID
THAT'S ALL I
CAN TELL
ABOUT HIM,
MR. BAILEY!

YOU'VE TOLD
ME MORE
THAN ENOUGH,
MISS SWANSON!
THANKS!



NO RECORD ON
ANY PHELAN,
BARNEY. IF
HE EVER WAS
PICKED UP, HE
MUST'VE BEEN
BOOKED UNDER
AN ALIAS!

THAT'S IT,
JIM! FROM
PHELAN TO
FEELEY IS
A LOGICAL
CHANGE!



YOU MAY HAVE
SOMETHING
THERE, BARNEY,
AND I'VE GOT
A SUGGESTION!
BUT I DON'T
KNOW IF YOU'LL
TAKE KINDLY
TO IT!

I'M WAY
AHEAD OF
YOU, JIM!
TONIGHT,
BARNEY
BAILEY WILL
SQUIRE A
LADY TO THE
CASCADES
AMUSEMENT
PARK!

THAT NIGHT AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK...

I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE, MR. BAILEY! THE COMPLEXION, HIS SMILE, AND ESPECIALLY THAT SCAR ALONG HIS CHEEK... THAT'S JOE PHELAN, ALL RIGHT!

THANK YOU, MISS SWANSON! JIM DUFFY'S WAITING OUTSIDE TO TAKE YOU HOME! I'VE GOT SOME WORK TO DO!

BAILEY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION, AND SOON, WORD SPREADS THROUGH THE PARK THAT THERE IS A 'BIG SPENDER' GOING THE ROUNDS...

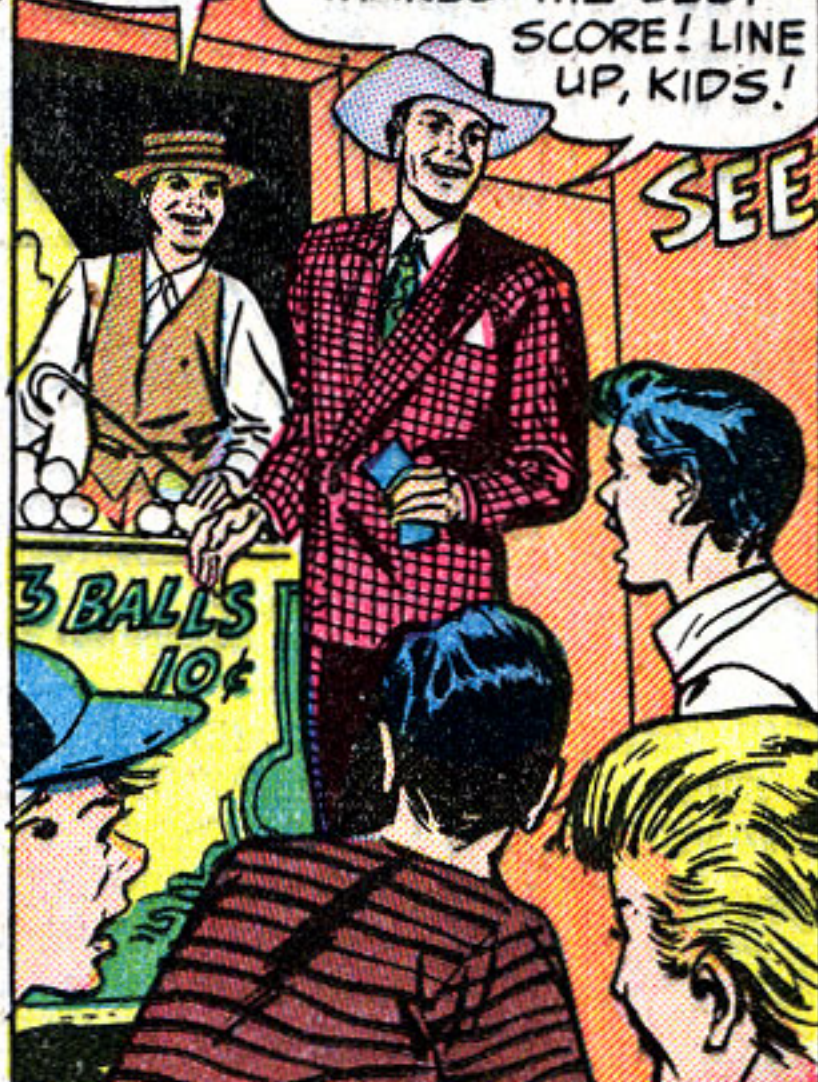
WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTER?

I'LL GIVE FIVE BUCKS TO THE BOY OR GIRL WHO MAKES THE BEST SCORE! LINE UP, KIDS!

TAKING HIS TIME BAILEY GRADUALLY WORKS HIS WAY TO FEELEY'S BOOTH...

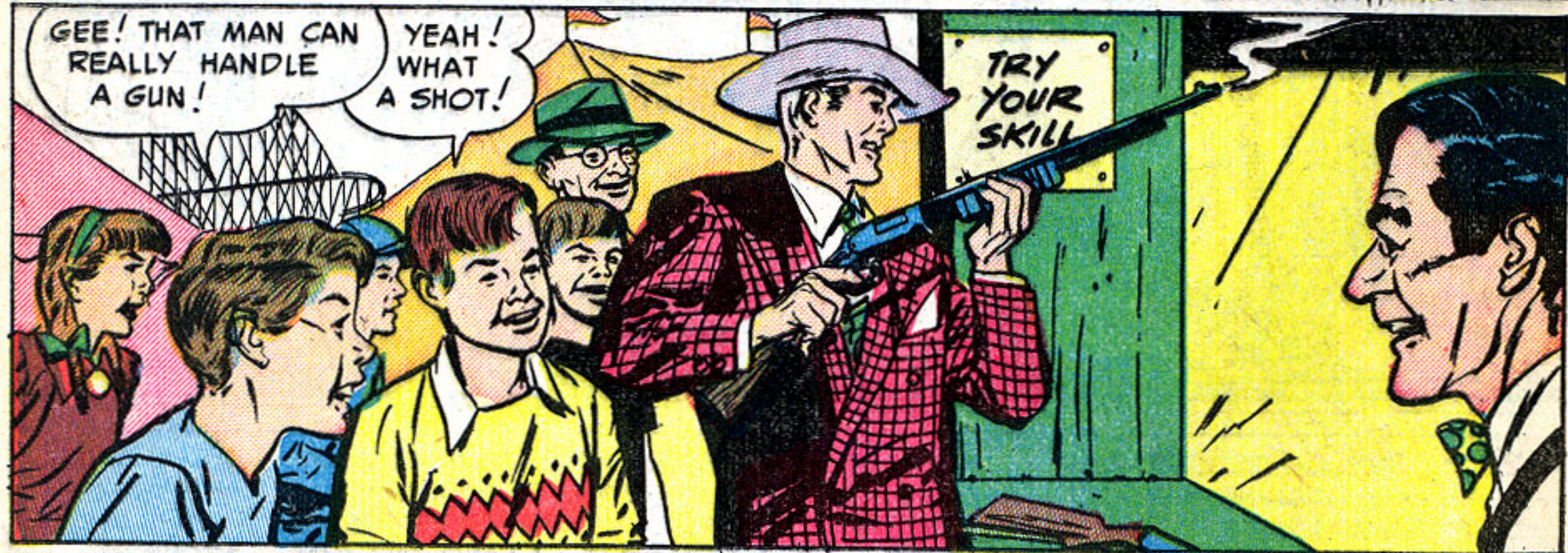
HOW MANY, MISTER?

O.K., KIDS, UP 'TIL NOW YOU'VE BEEN HAVING ALL THE FUN! NOW IT'S MY TURN! I'LL TAKE FIVE DOLLARS WORTH!



GEE! THAT MAN CAN REALLY HANDLE A GUN!

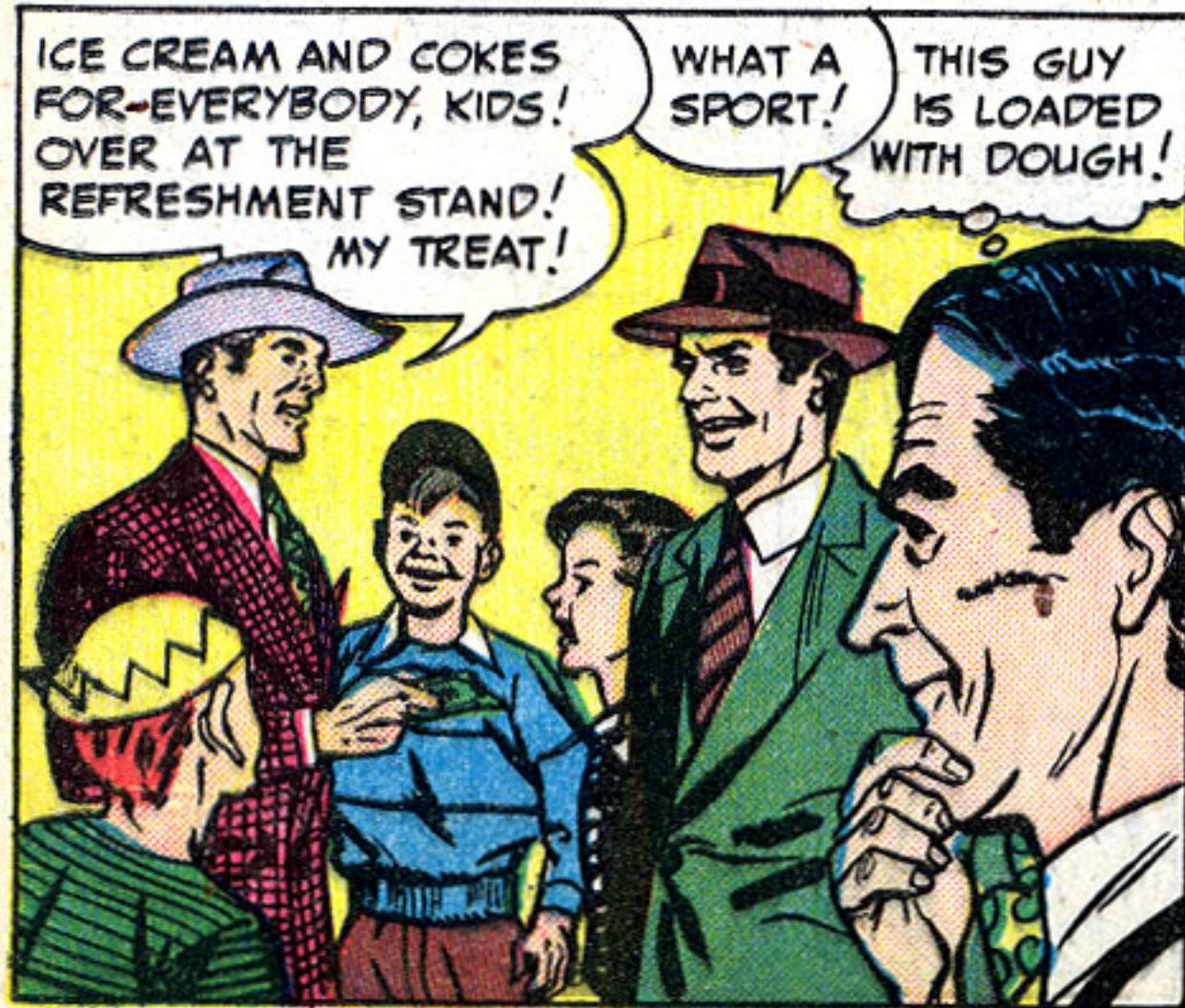
YEAH! WHAT A SHOT!



ICE CREAM AND COKES FOR-EVERYBODY, KIDS! OVER AT THE REFRESHMENT STAND! MY TREAT!

WHAT A SPORT!

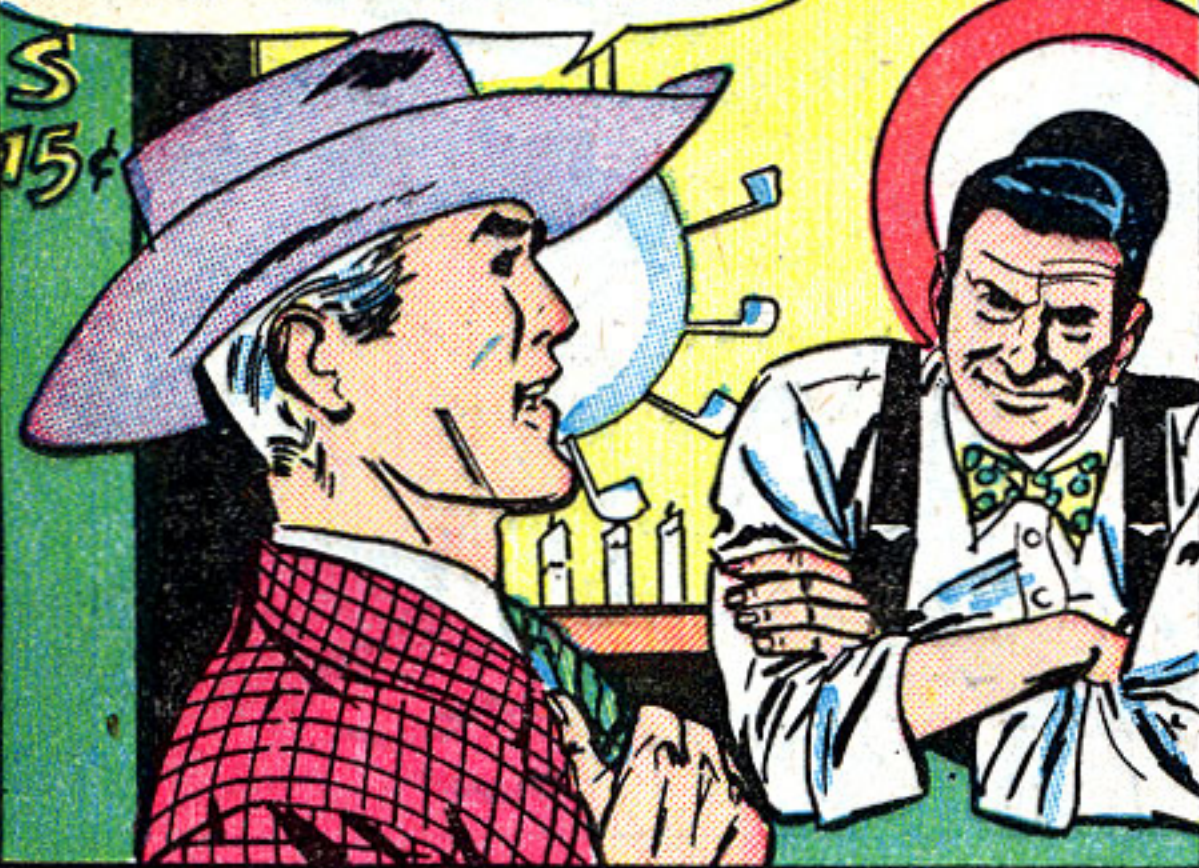
THIS GUY IS LOADED WITH DOUGH!



LIKE TO SEE KIDS HAVING A GOOD TIME! LIKE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME MYSELF, TOO. TOO BAD YOUR TARGETS ARE SO DURNED EASY. WHAT I REALLY ENJOY IS SOME COMPETITION.



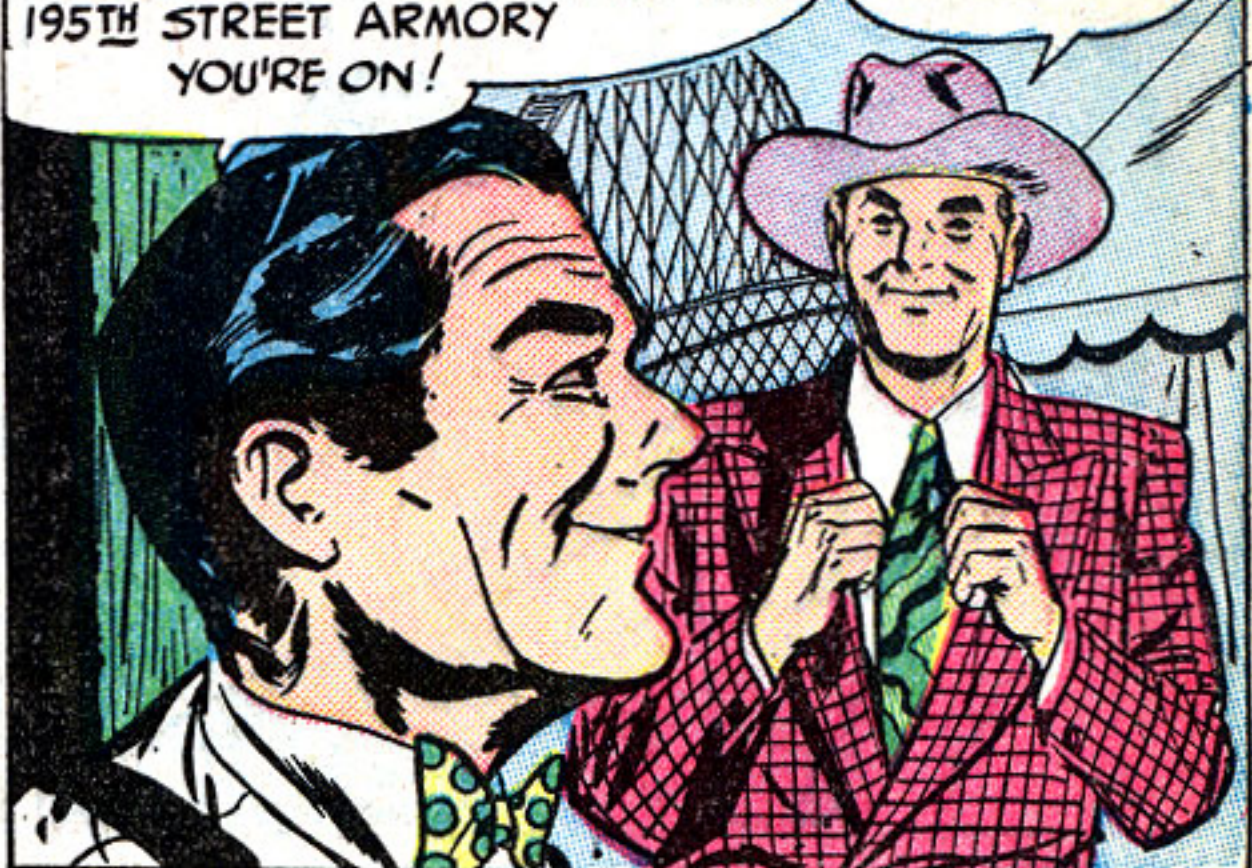
WHY, DOWN TEXAS WAY, WHERE I COME FROM, I'VE OFFERED A PURSE OF \$250 TO ANY MAN WHO COULD BEAT MY SHOOTIN'! BUT NONE OF THIS BABY STUFF!



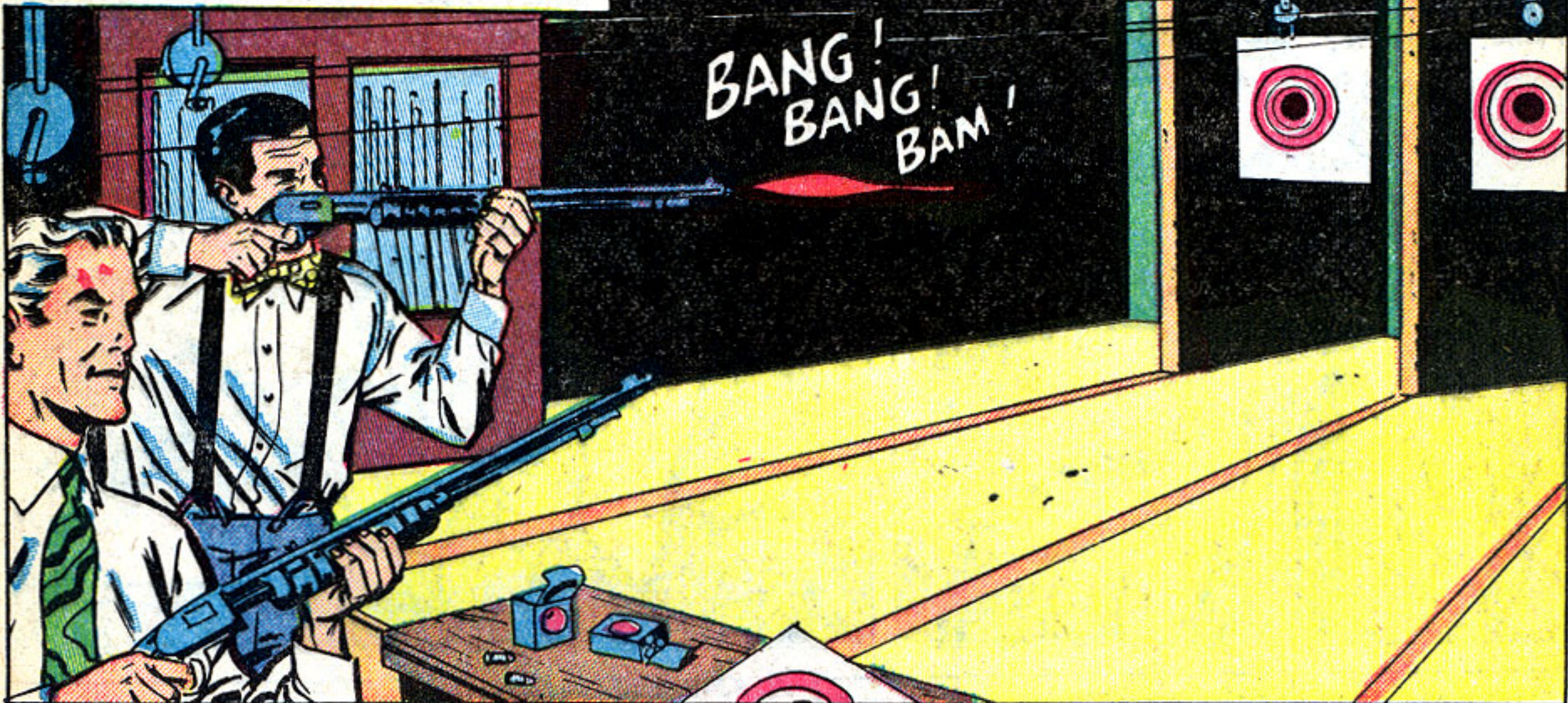
I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN! I CAN'T CLOSE MY STAND DURING BUSINESS HOURS, BUT IF YOU'LL MEET ME AT TEN TOMORROW MORNING, AT THE 195TH STREET ARMORY YOU'RE ON!

HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT!

IT'S A DATE, PARDNER!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE ARMORY...



PRETTY GOOD SHOOTIN', MISTER!

I'M A TENDERFOOT COMPARED TO YOU, PARDNER! NEVER SEEN SUCH SHOOTING IN MY LIFE!



WELL, I WAS BEATEN FAIR AND SQUARE BY A BETTER MAN! HERE'S YOUR TWO-FIFTY!

I THINK YOU SAID FIVE HUNDRED!





LOOK HERE—I DON'T MIND LOSING MY MONEY IN A FAIR BET, BUT I'M DURNED IF I LET ANYONE TAKE IT FROM ME!

THIS GUN COULD BE AN AWFUL GOOD PERSUADER, BUDDY!



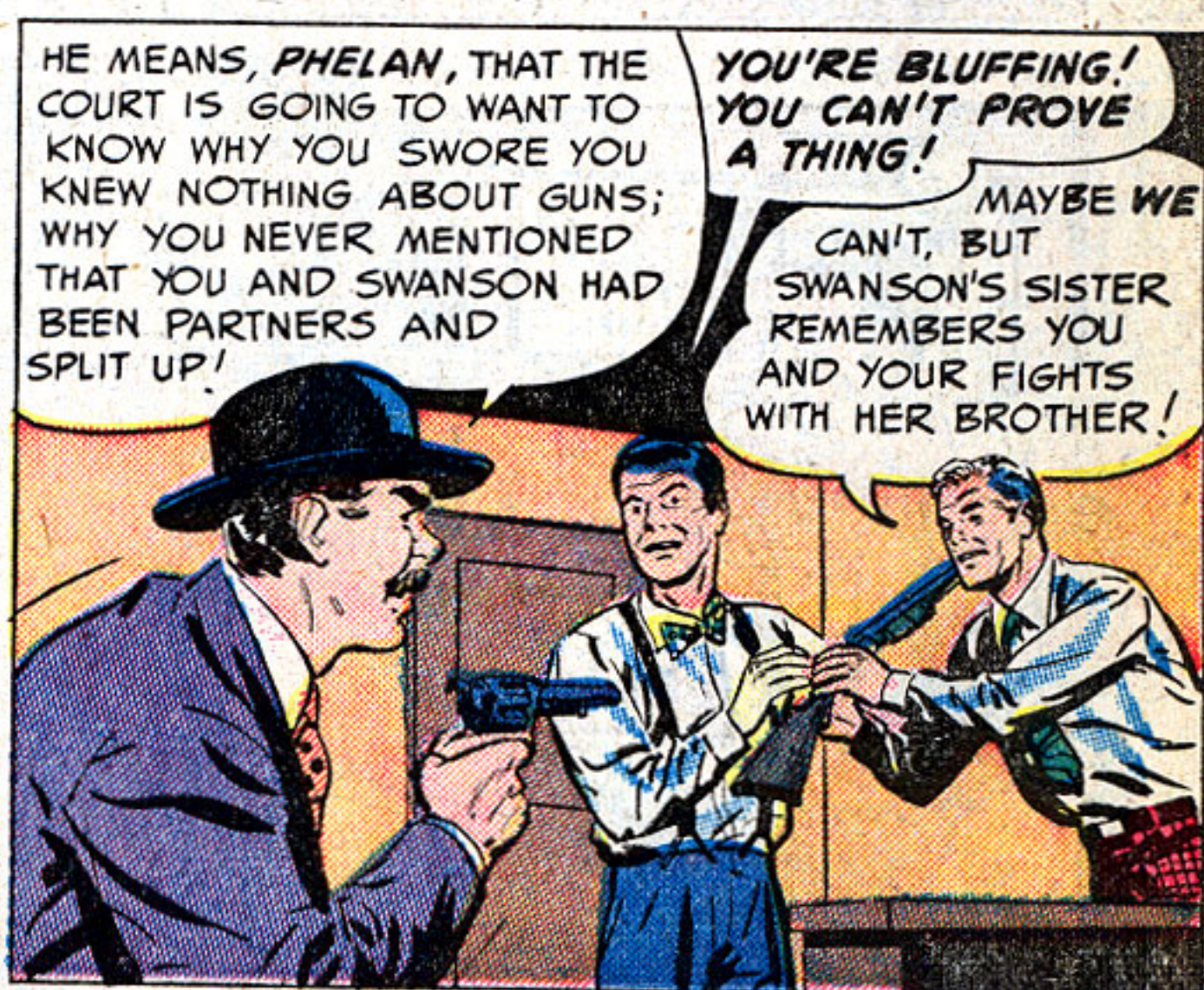
I—I WAS ONLY FOOLING, HONEST! HERE'S THE FIVE HUNDRED.

NOW YOU'RE GETTING SMART!



SMARTER THAN YOU THINK, MR. PHELAN!

WHADDAYA MEAN?



HE MEANS, PHELAN, THAT THE COURT IS GOING TO WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU SWORE YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT GUNS; WHY YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT YOU AND SWANSON HAD BEEN PARTNERS AND SPLIT UP!

YOU'RE BLUFFING! YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!

MAYBE WE CAN'T, BUT SWANSON'S SISTER REMEMBERS YOU AND YOUR FIGHTS WITH HER BROTHER!



ELLIE SWANSON! I SHOULD'A GOT HER AT THE SAME TIME—

AT THE SAME TIME YOU KILLED HER BROTHER AND PINNED IT ON THAT GRAYSON LAD BY COVERING HIS FINGERPRINTS AND USING THAT GUN, EH? JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY NOW. EVERY SO OFTEN ONE OF YOUR KIND TRIES TO GET AWAY WITH IT! THEY NEVER LEARN THAT

NOBODY CHEATS THE HANGMAN!



A FEW WEEKS LATER...

HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU, MR. BAILEY? WHAT CAN WE SAY OR DO?

DON'T THANK ME, DON! IT'S ENOUGH SATISFACTION TO ME THAT WE PREVENTED A GRAVE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE. FEELEY AND HIS KIND ARE A THREAT TO SOCIETY, BUT OUR COUNTRY—AND THE WORLD—NEEDS GOOD CITIZENS AND STRAIGHT-SHOOTERS LIKE YOU!

The End

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THRILLS! ADVENTURE!

LOOK FOR
THESE
SYMBOLS



WHOLESOME
READING FOR
THE ENTIRE FAMILY

THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS LOSES

The Old Con Game, A True Story

REGINALD P. REGAN was obviously an out-of-towner. Standing in the lobby of one of New York's finest hotels in ten-gallon hat and high heels, Regan looked the part of a wealthy rancher. Reginald Regan was a sportsman, and here he was in New York, sports mecca of the world. He strode over to the desk, and in a booming voice he asked the clerk, "Say, young feller, would it be possible for me to get a couple of tickets to the fights at the Garden? I know it's kinda late, but I'm ready to pay the price." He reached into his pocket and brought out a wad of twenty-dollar bills.

The room clerk coughed. "If you'll wait a moment, sir, I'll check."

A few moments later he told Regan the sad news. "Sorry, sir, there's nothing to be had anywhere."

"Shucks, just when I was plannin' to have some fun and spend some of this cow money."

Regan turned, head down, and slowly walked toward the elevator.

"Excuse me, sir," a crisp, business-like voice called out. "Aren't you Mr. Regan?"

Reginald Regan looked up into the face of a tall, suave-looking man in his early thirties. "Yes, I am..."

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Perhaps I may be of some service to you. I heard you asking about a ticket to the boxing bouts, and it so happens I have two ringsides right here. I've been waiting for a friend, but it appears he isn't coming. I'd be flattered if you'd accompany me. Hate to see a sporting event alone."

"Oh, I couldn't—your friend would be disappointed."

"Not at all, Mr. Regan. It was understood that if he didn't show up by seven-thirty sharp I was to go on alone. I insist that you join me."

The stranger grasped the delighted Regan by the arm and led him out the hotel door, and into a waiting taxicab.

It was a fine fight and the stranger, who had introduced himself as Harry Nicholson, and the Westerner seemed to hit it off rather well. As the

crowds drifted out of the Garden after the final bout, Regan was profuse in his thanks to the handsome Nicholson.

"Real Western hospitality, sir. Never expected to meet up with it here in the big town. I'm much obliged to you."

Harry graciously waved away the other's thanks. As they were about to part company for the evening, he said, "Reg, I'm staying at the Beldrome. Why not drop by tomorrow night and have dinner with me? Then, if you like, I can show you the town. Maybe take in a few bright lights."

Regan's eyes lit up. "Wonderful, Harry! Now you're talking. And this time just you sit back and let old Reg Regan foot the bills."

For the next two weeks Regan and Nicholson were constant companions. There wasn't a horse race, boxing bout, baseball game, night-club or theatre that they didn't attend. Regan, the lanky Westerner, in his boots, tight fitting trousers, beat-up ten gallon hat, and Nicholson in his finely-tailored clothes, homburg hat and linen handkerchiefs.

One evening as Regan was bidding Harry good night, he was called over to the night desk by the clerk.

"Mr. Regan, do you know who your companion is?" asked the night clerk.

"Why, shore, that's Harry Nicholson, a gentleman and a good sport."

The night clerk shuffled his feet nervously and made a few gurgling noises as he attempted to clear his throat. "Mr. Regan, I hate to tell you this, but his name is no more Nicholson than mine is Joe Stalin. That's 'Sugar' Harry Reed, the slickest confidence man and card sharp in town. I don't like to interfere in your personal affairs, but he's the biggest swindler in this or any other town. If I were you I'd shake him fast."

"That's odd," mused Regan out loud, "he's been more than sporting in picking up checks and not once has he mentioned a card game. Are you shore?"

"You bet I'm sure, Mr. Regan! Watch your step!"

Regan looked thoughtfully at the ceiling for a moment then turned to the clerk and said, "I'm mighty obliged for your interest, son. Here's a twenty-dollar bill. And, if you like, I'll bet you another twenty that this 'Sugar' fellow, card sharp or no, can't beat Reg Regan in a poker game."

"Thanks for the twenty, Mr. Regan, but I'm afraid I can't take you up on the bet."

The following evening Harry "Sugar" Nicholson called on Regan as usual. Regan was waiting for him in the lobby of the hotel. The doors suddenly swung open and in came Nicholson, wearing a dripping raincoat and a thoroughly drenched hat.

"Hi there, Reg. Looks like our baseball game is kind of washed out for this evening!"

"It shore looks that way. Drat it! I shore as heck don't intend to sit around here all night long."

"Say," called out Harry, slapping Regan playfully on the back, "how'd you like to while away the evening in a friendly little poker game? I've some friends right here in the hotel, and I'll bet they're looking for a way to pass the time, too."

So the clerk was right! "Sugar" was "making his pitch."

But if Reg Regan was wise to Harry "Sugar" Nicholson, he gave no indication, for he gaily returned the slap on the back. "Harry, you young coyote, I've been dying for a game since I hit town. You go to that house 'phone right now, and tell your friends to start shufflin' those decks."

Harry's friends proved to be rather pleasant, convivial people. Their humor was tangy, their speech intelligent. And Reg certainly couldn't complain about their choice of cigars or liquor.

As the evening wore on he couldn't complain about the way they dealt the cards, either. If these fellows were crooked, the big stack of red and blue chips in front of Reg's seat didn't speak much for their peculiar talents.

"Well, that'll do me for tonight," breathed one of Harry's friends, as he smilingly threw down his cards and pushed himself away from the table.

As if this were a signal, the others, too, decided to call it a night. And quite a night for Reg—he had more than one thousand dollars worth of chips before him. So these were the hot-shot New York card sharps, eh?

"What's that, Harry? Say you want to play tomorrow night? Why, shore—I kind of like this game. Them Giants can lose without me watching them, Ha, ha, ha!"

The following night this congenial group met once again. The cigars were still of the same fine quality, the liquor was better than ever, but Reg

Regan was getting sucker hands. He'd draw a small straight and get beaten by a larger one. His three of a kind always lost to a straight or flush. His high straights lost to full houses. Reg Regan was getting hands that forced him to bet—but Reg couldn't win a single "pot." He was being taken, but good.

At last, with his funds depleted, Reg Regan made one desperate bid to pull himself out. He put up a sizable portion of his ranch, and bet another portion on the basis of his hand. But luck wasn't with him, and Harry "Sugar" Nicholson won the hand.

"Look, Harry. I'll give you another portion of the ranch for some ready cash, and then I guess I'd better pack up. I'm almost flat busted now."

This is what Harry had been waiting for. He wasn't known as the mastermind swindler for nothing. Reginald Regan's financial background had been thoroughly investigated before the card game. "Tell you what, Reg. Sign over the rest of the ranch to me, and I'll pay you fourteen thousand in cash. Half a ranch is no good to you, and that's a lot of cash I'm offering. I've always wanted to settle down out West."

Reg was a beaten man. He complied with Nicholson's request almost as if he were in a daze. The papers were signed then and there and the money changed hands. As Reg stumbled from the room, Harry turned to his cohorts and cackled, "Hah, hah, that ranch is worth a cool hundred grand. Just call me 'cowboy,' fellows."

A few weeks later as Harry "Sugar" Reed Nicholson was preparing his bags for the journey West to his new ranch, he learned that Reg Regan had just returned to the hotel. Harry quickly dashed down to greet his old "friend" and perhaps needle him a bit on their transaction.

He knocked on Reg's door. A short, dumpy-looking fellow in old tweeds answered, "Yes, may I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like to see Reg Regan."

"I'm Regan."

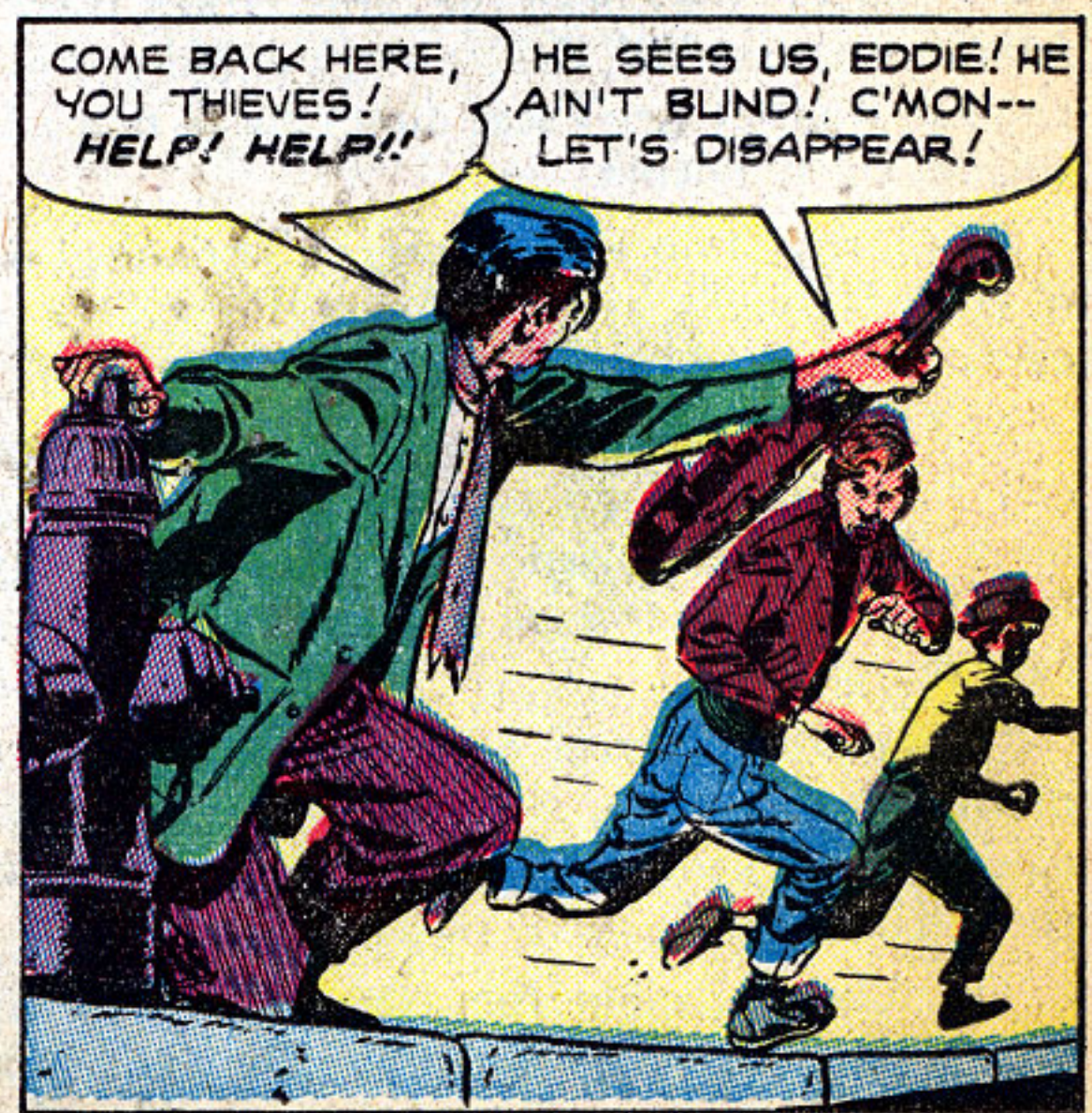
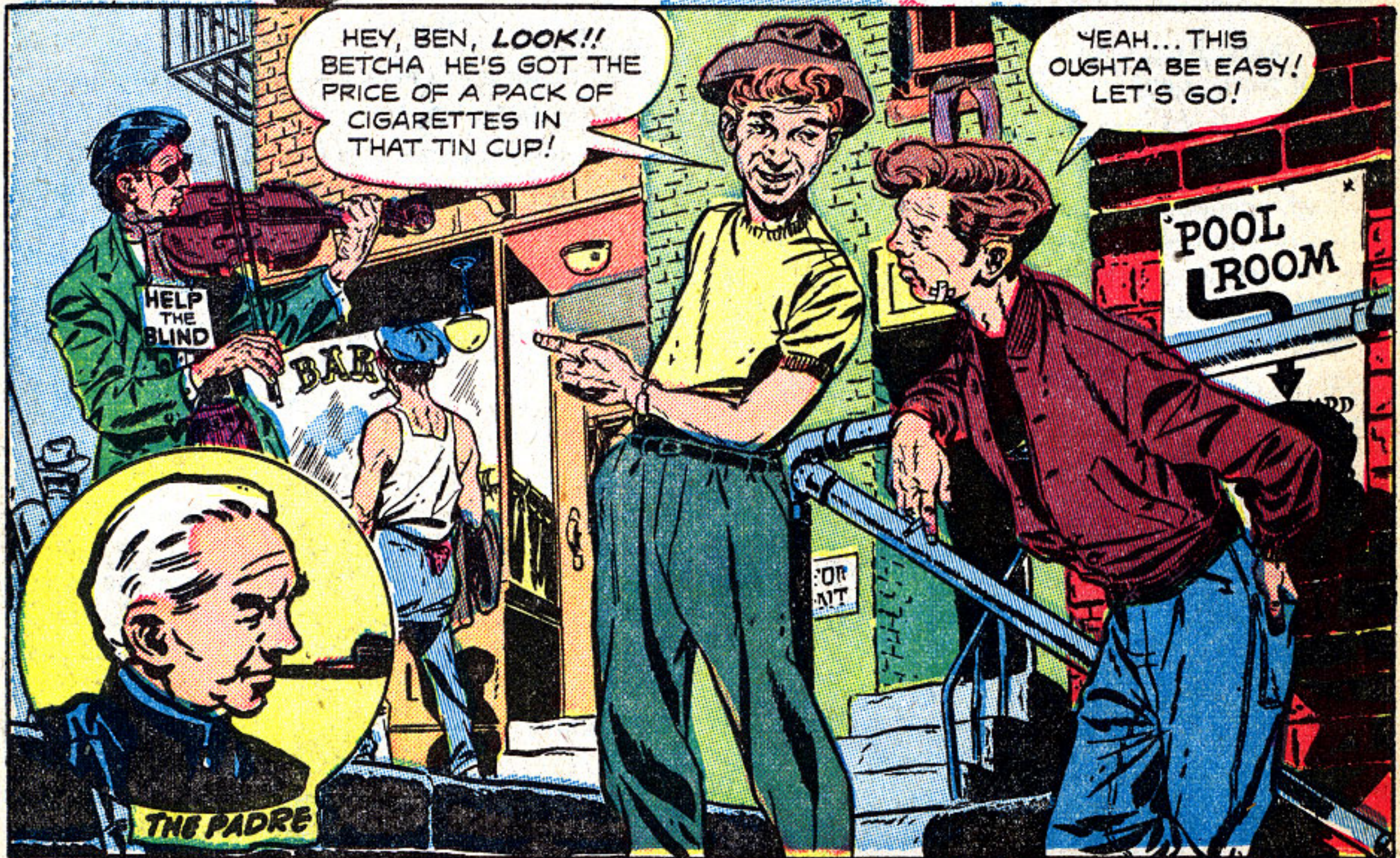
"Stop joking," snapped Harry, "I know Regan when I see him. We're close friends. Just tell him Harry Nicholson is here to see him."

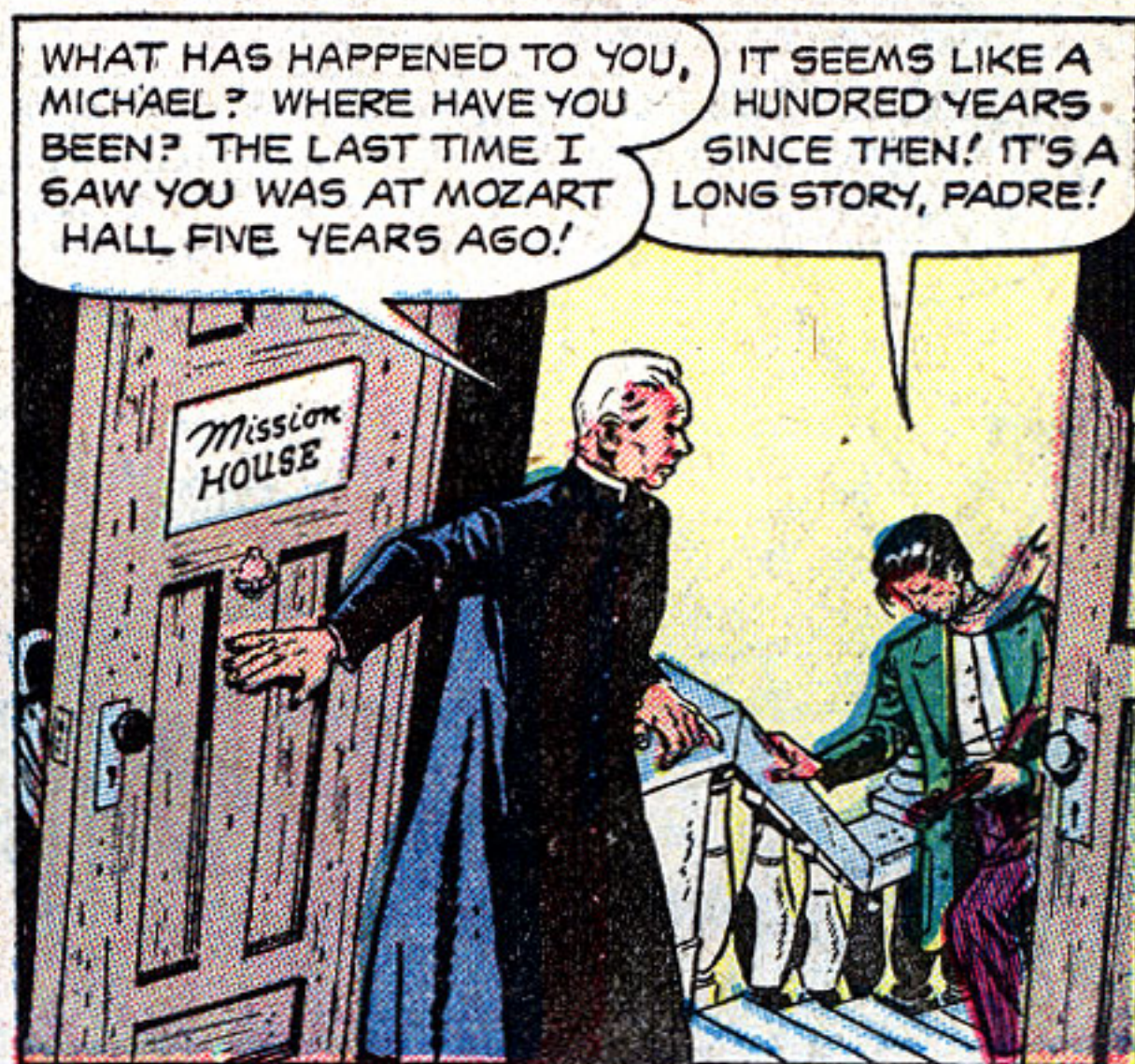
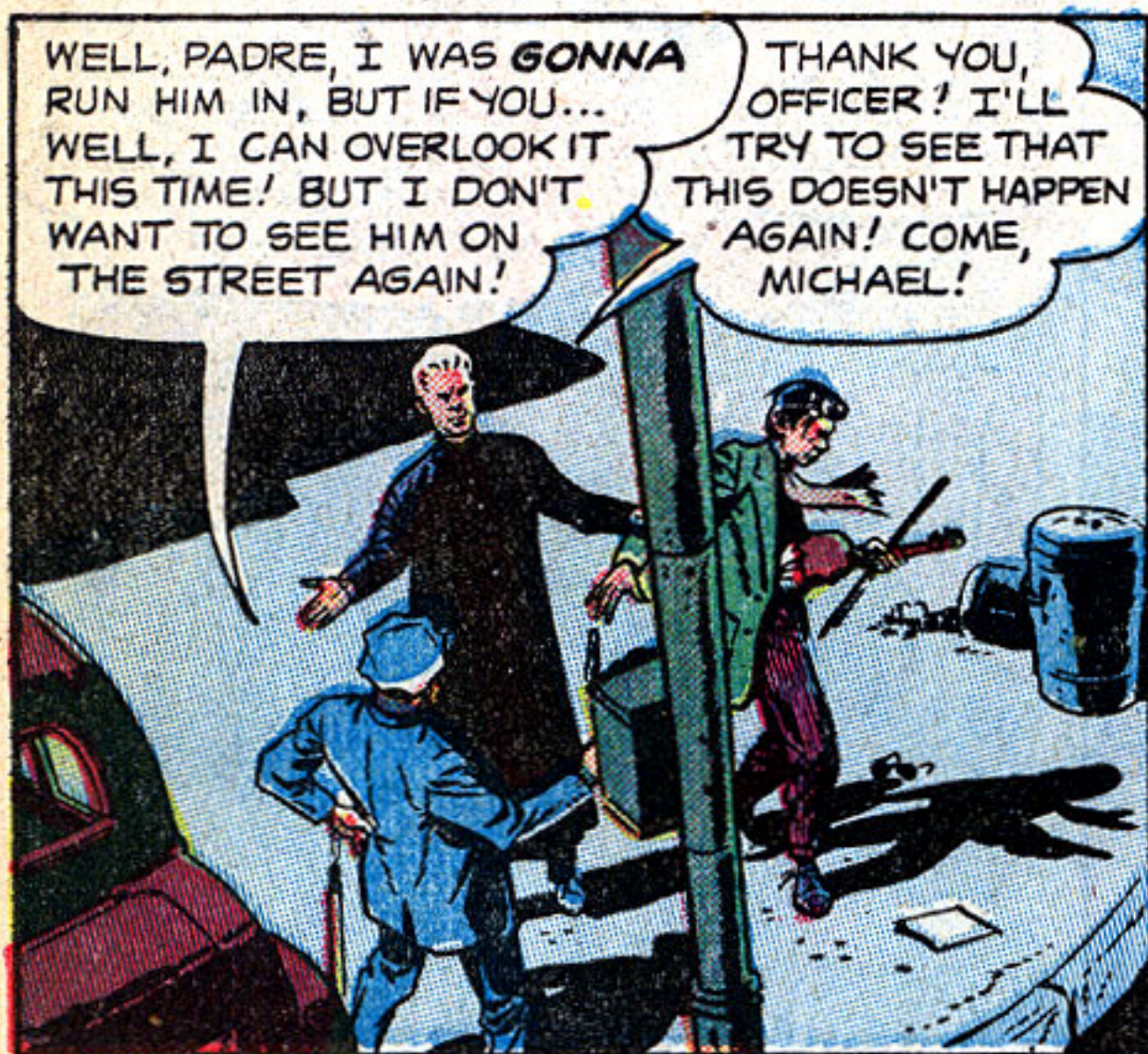
"Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha! So you're Harry Nicholson. My cow-hand, Bart Haskins, told me about you. You're the fellow who tried to cheat him in a card game when he came to New York on a vacation and used my name. Mr. Nicholson, I have news for you. I am Reginald P. Regan and this is one case where the 'biter' has been bitten—the swindler swindled!"

THE END

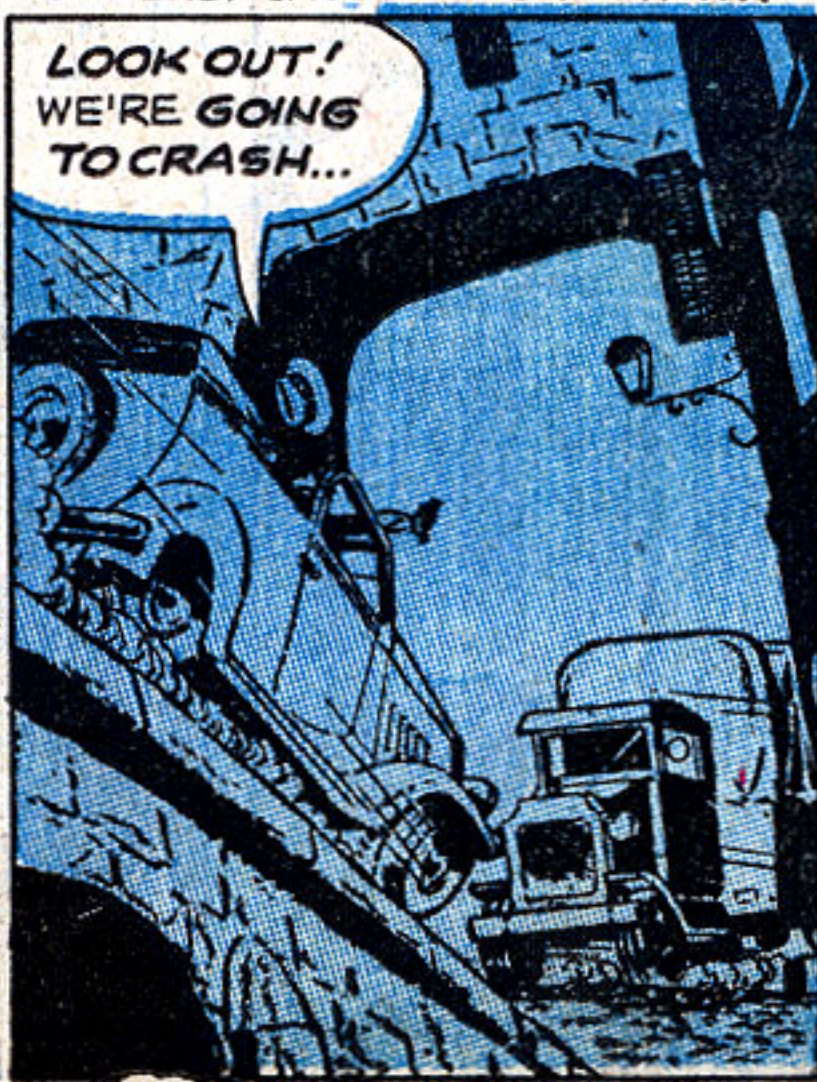
THE PADRE *in* Sidewalk Serenade

IN THE NARROW SLUM STREETS OF THE PADRE'S NEIGHBORHOOD, WHERE CROWDED TENEMENTS BREED MISERY, EACH TWISTED LIFE HAS ITS OWN STRANGE STORY. FOR EXAMPLE, HERE IS THE BLIND FIDDLER, WHO PLAYS ONLY TO ATTRACT A FEW PENNIES TO HIS BATTERED TIN CUP...



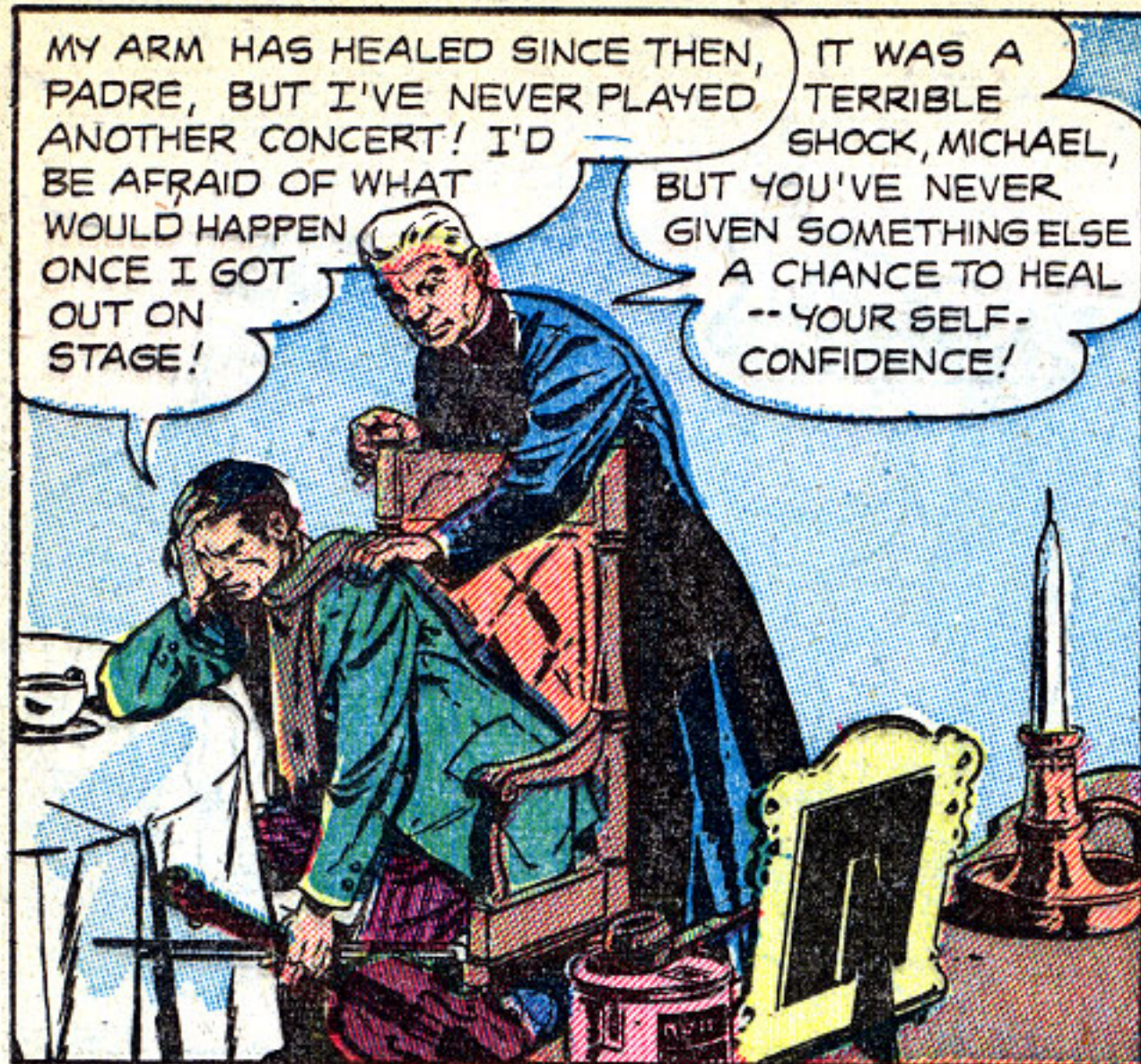


"NOBODY SAW THE TRUCK WHICH SUDDENLY CROSSED OUR PATH..."



"I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN A HOSPITAL..."





MY ARM HAS HEALED SINCE THEN, PADRE, BUT I'VE NEVER PLAYED ANOTHER CONCERT! I'D BE AFRAID OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN ONCE I GOT OUT ON STAGE!

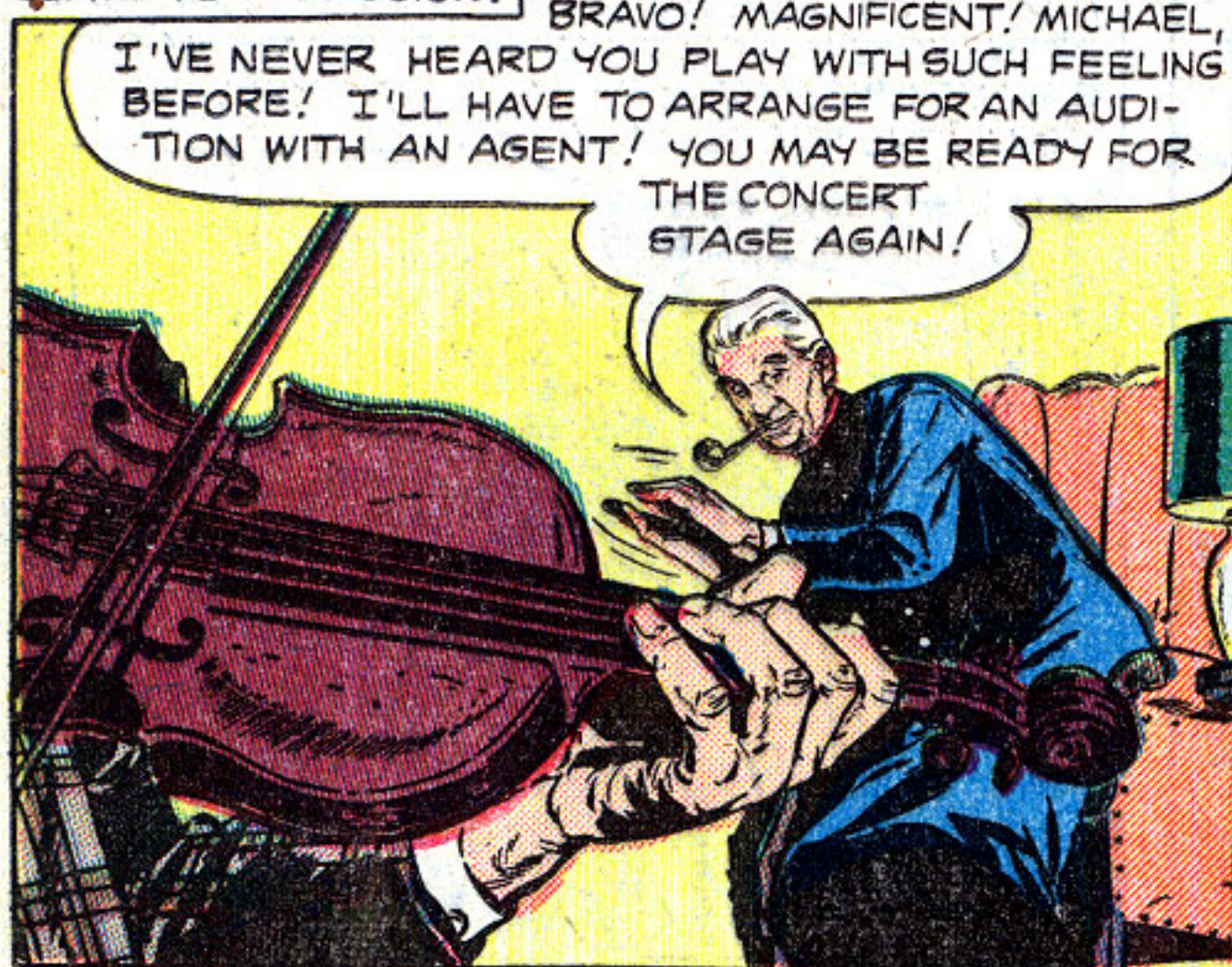
IT WAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK, MICHAEL, BUT YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN SOMETHING ELSE A CHANCE TO HEAL -- YOUR SELF-CONFIDENCE!



I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER THIS YOUR HOME, MICHAEL! STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. I EXPECT ONLY ONE THING FROM YOU... **PRACTICE! PRACTICE** TILL IT HURTS!

PADRE, I COULD NEVER REPAY YOU! I'LL TRY! I'LL MAKE THIS VIOLIN SING AGAIN!

AS THE WEEKS PASSED, MICHAEL BECAME A DEVOTED SLAVE TO HIS MUSIC...



BRAVO! MAGNIFICENT! MICHAEL, I'VE NEVER HEARD YOU PLAY WITH SUCH FEELING BEFORE! I'LL HAVE TO ARRANGE FOR AN AUDITION WITH AN AGENT! YOU MAY BE READY FOR THE CONCERT STAGE AGAIN!



I'LL CALL MR. JUROK OF CONTINENTAL!

NO, PADRE, PLEASE! I CAN PLAY THIS WAY FOR **YOU**-- BUT I'D ONLY MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF BEFORE HIM! I'M NOT READY YET!

THE PADRE WAITED ANOTHER WEEK, AND THEN...



AAAH, HERE WE ARE! LET ME SEE THIS BOY, PADRE! I REMEMBER HIS WONDERFUL DEBUT, BUT I THOUGHT HIS ACCIDENT HAD RUINED HIM PERMANENTLY!

SHH... HE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM! HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE! LISTEN, MR. JUROK!



THAT BOY HAS GOLDEN HANDS! HE'LL HAVE THE WORLD AT HIS FEET! WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL! LET ME SEE HIM!



MY BOY, WHEN JUROK THINKS YOU'RE GOOD, THE AUDIENCES WILL CHEER YOU! BE AT MY OFFICE TOMORROW AND I WILL BOOK YOU FOR THE YEAR!

BUT I DON'T FEEL I'M READY, MR. JUROK! I COULDN'T TRUST MYSELF!



LATER... YOU MUST CANCEL EVERYTHING, PADRE! I'LL BE A FLOP!

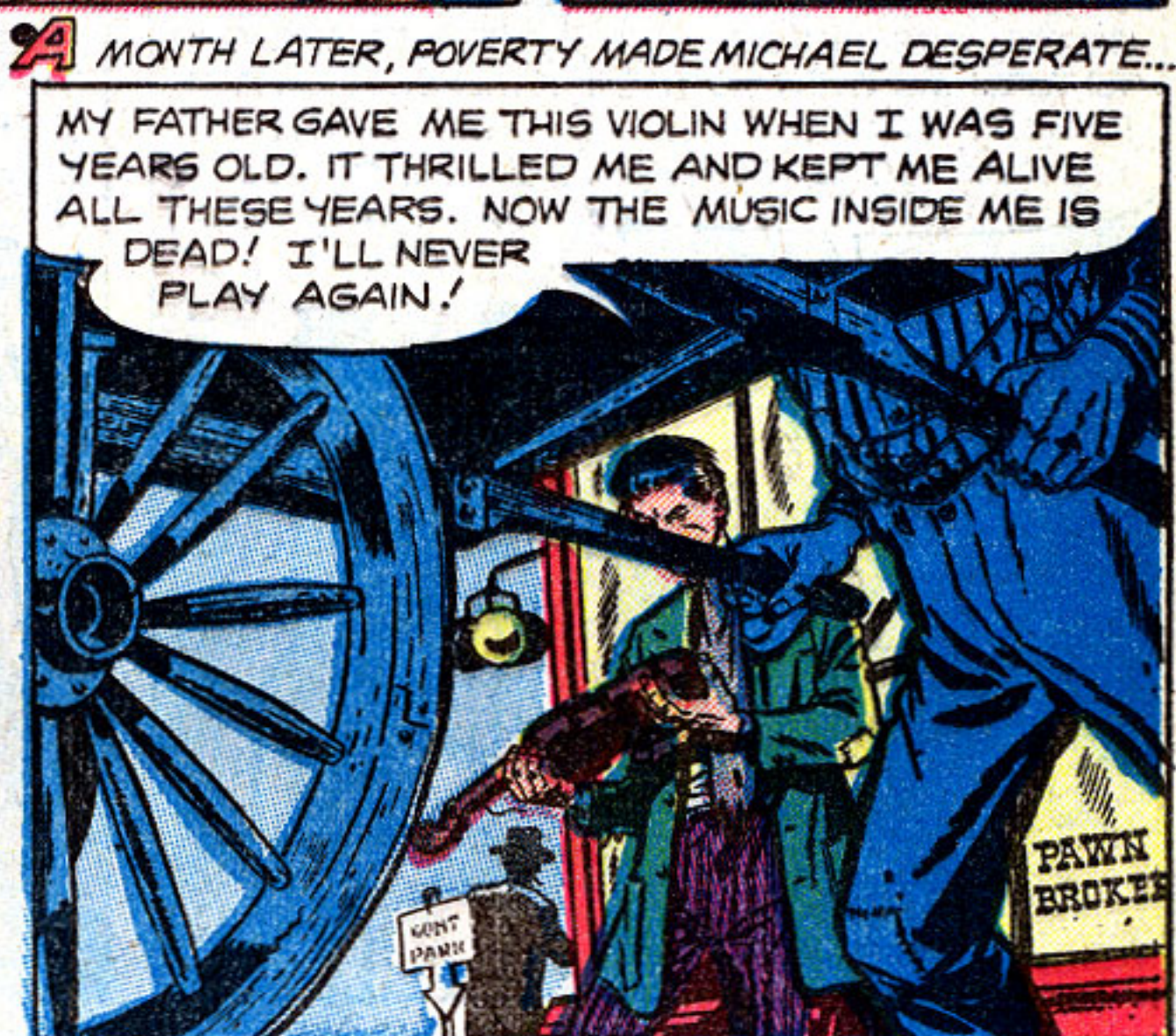
NONSENSE! DON'T THROW AWAY THIS CHANCE!



THAT EVENING... MICHAEL, WHERE ARE YOU? THAT'S STRANGE! HIS VIOLIN ISN'T HERE, AND HIS OLD CLOTHES ARE GONE!



THE POOR-BOX IS SMASHED! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I PRESSED MICHAEL TOO HARD. I WAS TOO HASTY! HE HAD NO FAITH IN HIMSELF!



A MONTH LATER, POVERTY MADE MICHAEL DESPERATE...

MY FATHER GAVE ME THIS VIOLIN WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD. IT THRILLED ME AND KEPT ME ALIVE ALL THESE YEARS. NOW THE MUSIC INSIDE ME IS DEAD! I'LL NEVER PLAY AGAIN!



WHERE DID YOU GET THIS VIOLIN? THIS IS A VERY FINE INSTRUMENT! YOU MUST HAVE STOLEN IT, YOU TRAMP!

NO, IT'S MINE! I'VE HAD IT FOR TWENTY YEARS! GIVE IT BACK TO ME IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BUY IT!



POLICE! POLICE!

LET ME GO! IT'S MINE! I SWEAR IT'S MINE! GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! I GUESS THE PADRE GOT TIRED OF KEEPING A STUMBLE-BUM! WHAT'S HE DONE, MR. WELTHAM?

THIS TRAMP TRIED TO SELL ME A RARE FIDDLE WORTH A FORTUNE, AND HE CLAIMS IT'S HIS!



SO YOU INSIST THE FIDDLE IS YOURS! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, BUT I'LL CALL THE PADRE AND CHECK!



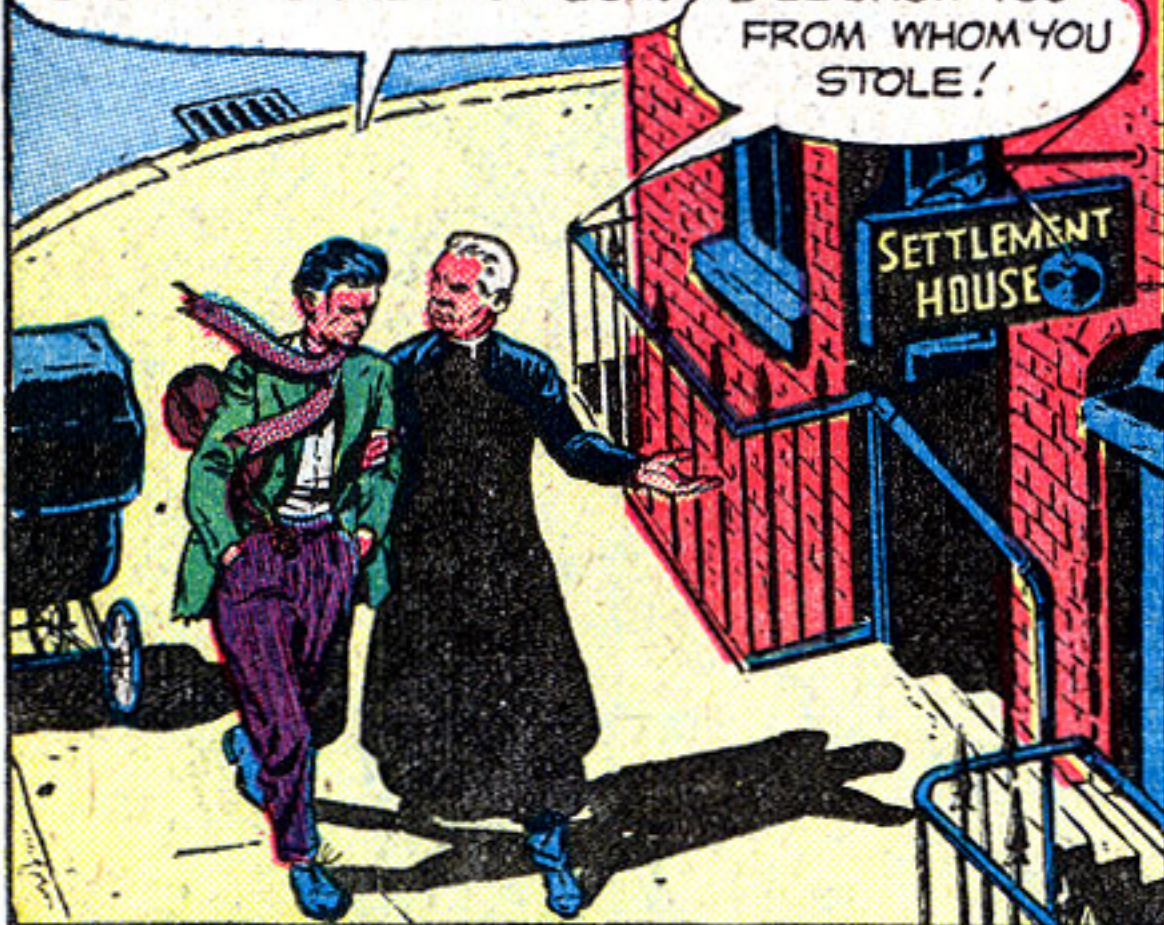
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, OFFICER! IT'S MICHAEL'S VIOLIN! BUT I FORBID HIM TO SELL IT! I DON'T THINK HE'S ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE, RIGHT NOW!



PADRE, AREN'T YOU GOING TO TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE? IT WAS I WHO BROKE INTO THE POOR-BOX.

PATIENCE, MICHAEL! PATIENCE AND FAITH! COME WITH ME, I'LL SHOW YOU FROM WHOM YOU STOLE!



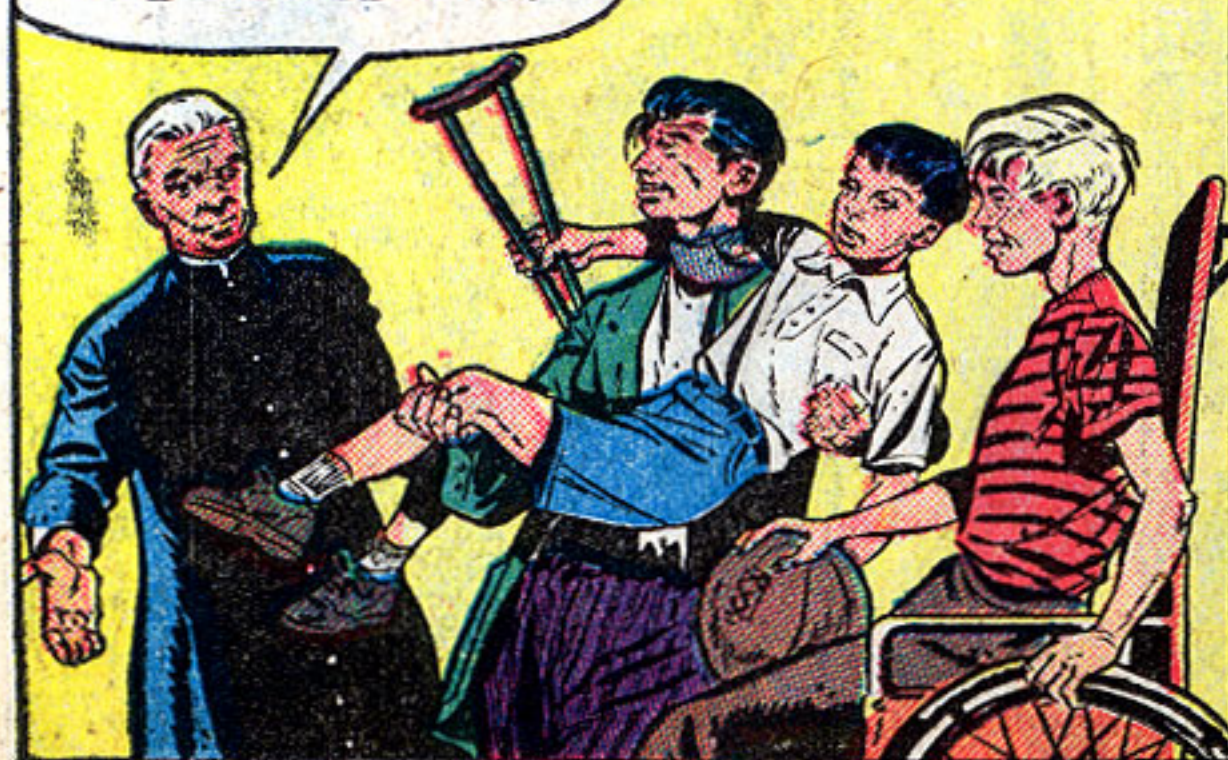
THIS IS THE MOST PATHETIC THING I'VE EVER SEEN! AND I THOUGHT I HAD A HANDICAP! I'VE JUST BEEN NURSING A SICK FEAR ALL THESE YEARS!

THIS IS MY SETTLEMENT HOUSE, MICHAEL! THAT MONEY WAS COLLECTED FOR THESE CHILDREN! I NEED MONEY BADLY TO RUN THIS HOUSE, AND YOU CAN HELP!



YOU HAVE A GOD-GIVEN TALENT WHICH YOU MUST NOT THROW AWAY! MAKE A FRESH START BY HELPING THESE YOUNGSTERS, AND YOU'LL BE HELPING YOURSELF, TOO. WILL YOU PLAY A BENEFIT CONCERT FOR THE SETTLEMENT?

YES, PADRE, I'LL PLAY A BENEFIT ANYTIME YOU SAY!



THE NIGHT OF THE CONCERT PROVED A LANDMARK IN MICHAEL'S CAREER...

LISTEN TO THEM APPLAUD, PADRE! I FEEL REBORN!

THEY NEVER HAD A MORE WONDERFUL CONCERT, MICHAEL! GO OUT THERE! YOUR AUDIENCE IS WAITING AS A THOUSAND MORE AUDIENCES WILL BE WAITING TO HEAR YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE AND HAVE FAITH!

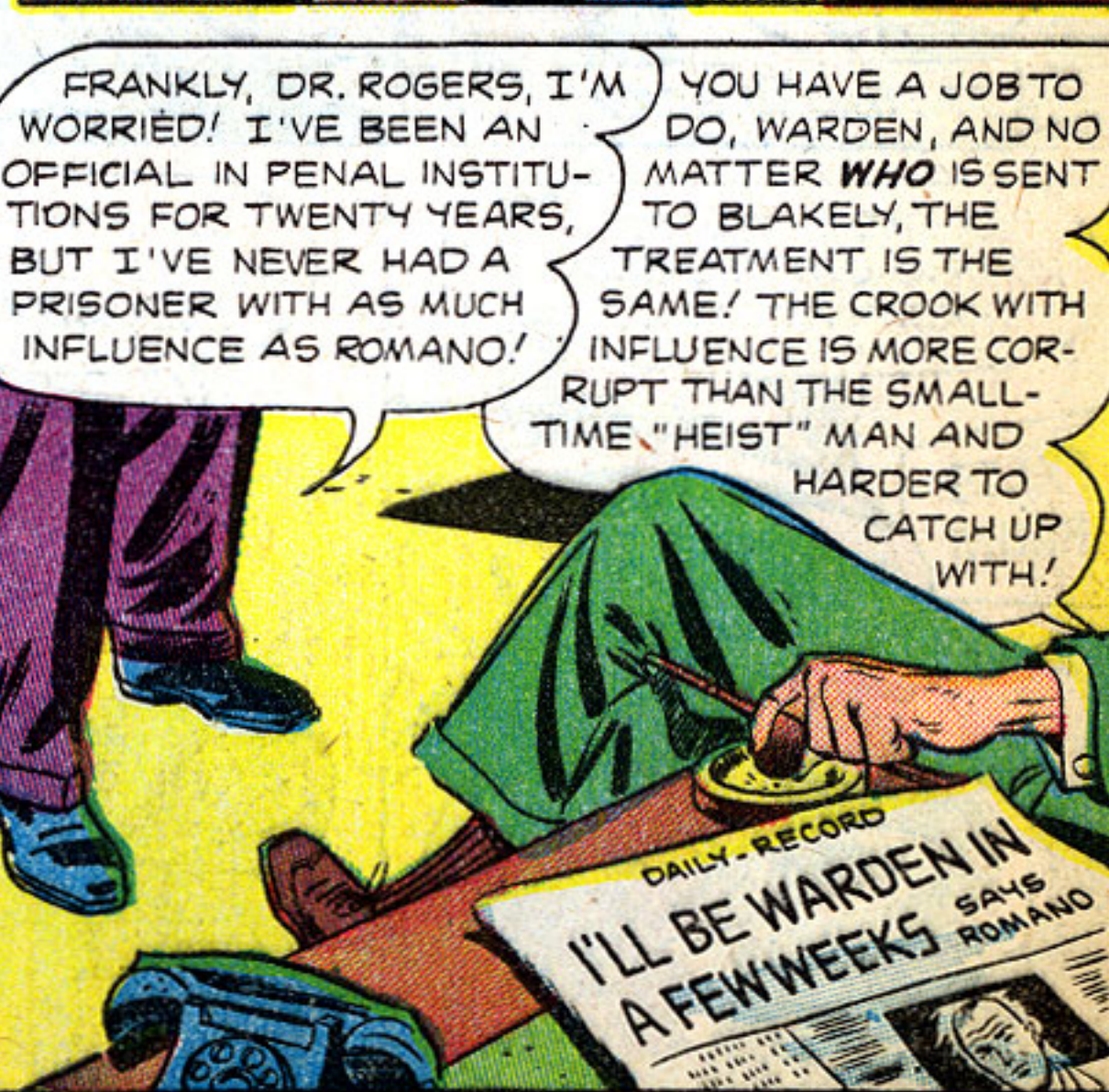
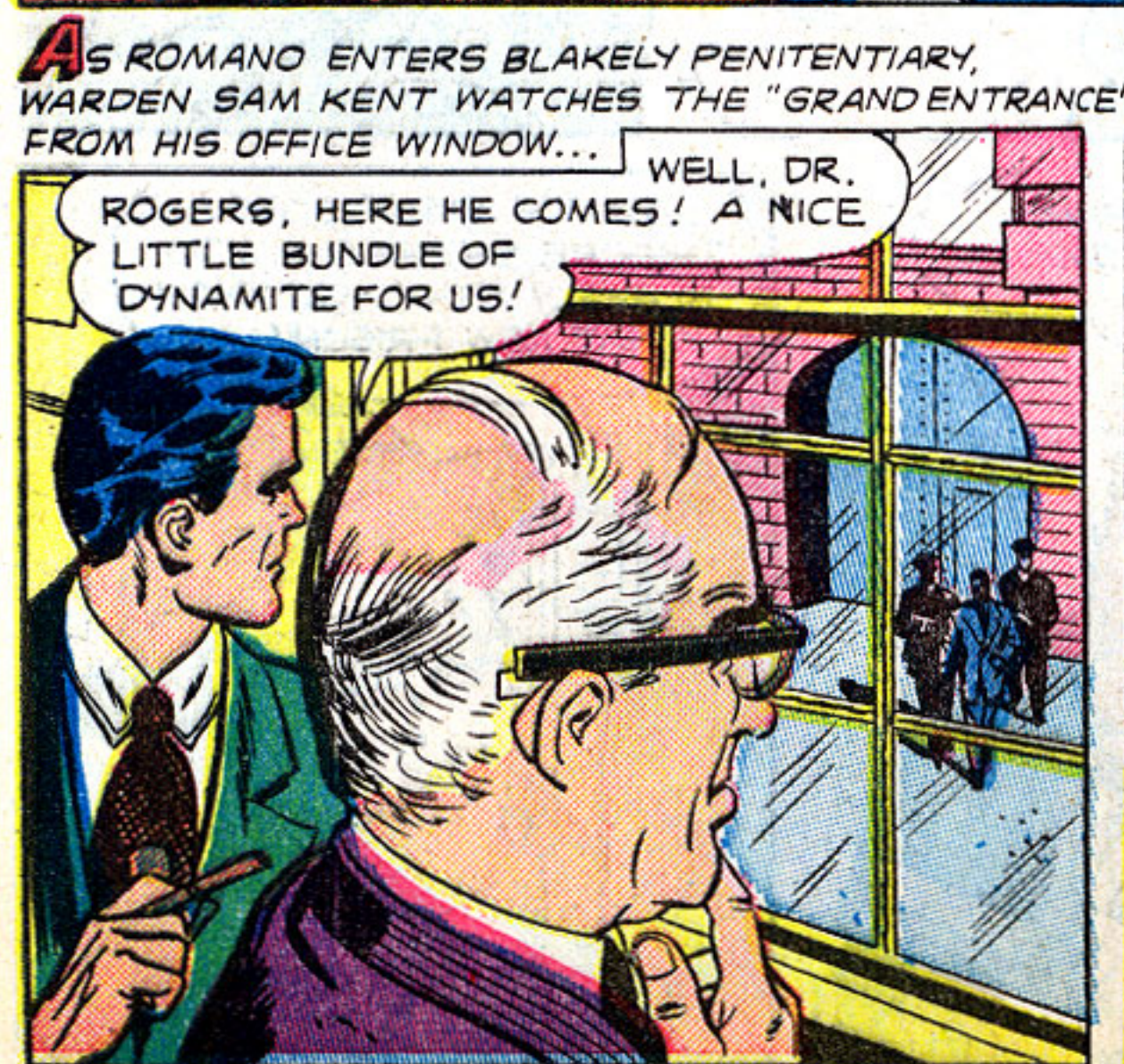
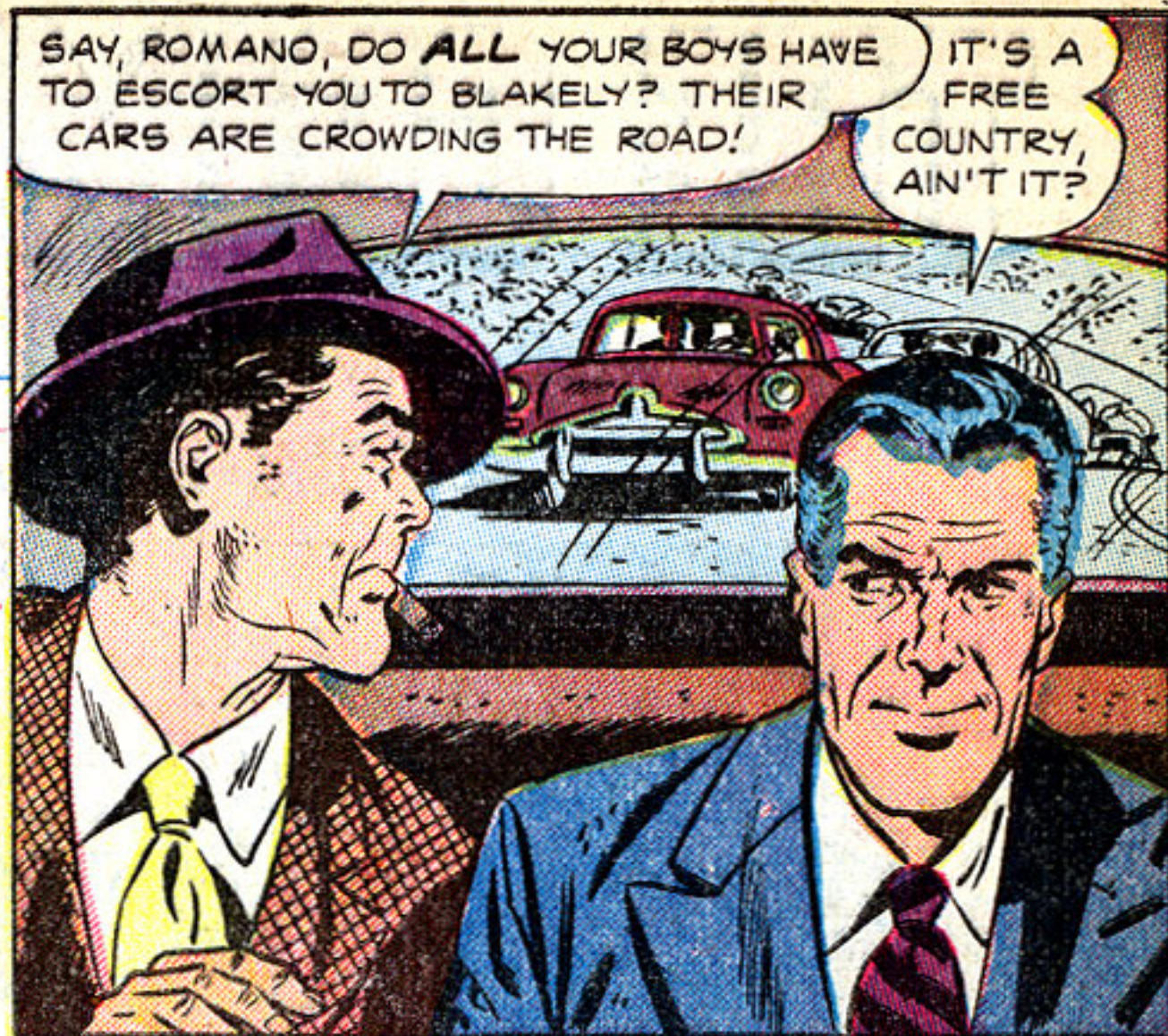
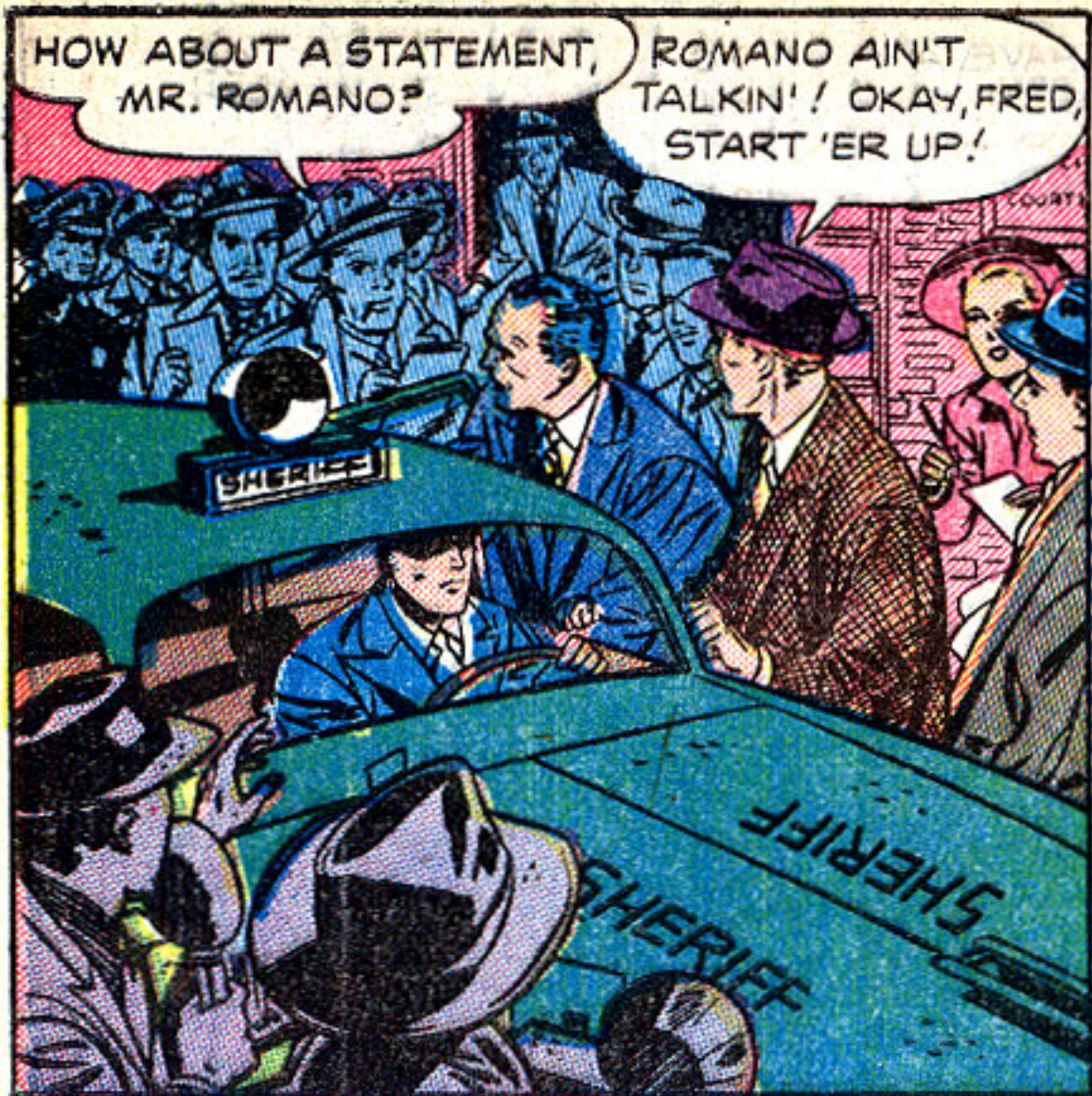


THE END

THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS
in "BIG-SHOT IN THE BIG HOUSE"





IT'S NOT ROMANO HIMSELF THAT WORRIES ME, DOCTOR-- IT'S HIS EFFECT UPON THE OTHER MEN! SINCE YOU CAME HERE, YOU'VE HELPED STRAIGHTEN OUT QUITE A FEW OF OUR CONVICTS! ROMANO THREATENS TO UNDO EVERY-THING YOU'VE DONE!

EXCUSE ME, WARDEN KENT! THERE'S A MR. TRUMP TO SEE YOU!

WARDEN KENT, I REPRESENT THE PUBLISHERS OF "SLICK"-- THE MEN'S MAGAZINE!

HAVE A SEAT, MR. TRUMP! MEET DR. ROGERS.

TO CONTINUE OUR EXPOSE OF TRUE CRIME CONDITIONS, THE PUBLISHERS OF "SLICK" PLAN TO RUN A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON SIGMUND ROMANO! THEY WILL CARRY HIS NAME, BUT ALL ROYALTIES WILL GO TO CHARITY!

HAS ROMANO AGREED TO THIS, MR. TRUMP?

YES, DOCTOR! AT THE END OF MR. ROMANO'S TRIAL, WE MADE THE OFFER AND HE ACCEPTED! IN FACT, **HE** SUGGESTED GIVING THE ROYALTIES TO CHARITY! A NICE GESTURE! WHAT DO **YOU** SAY?

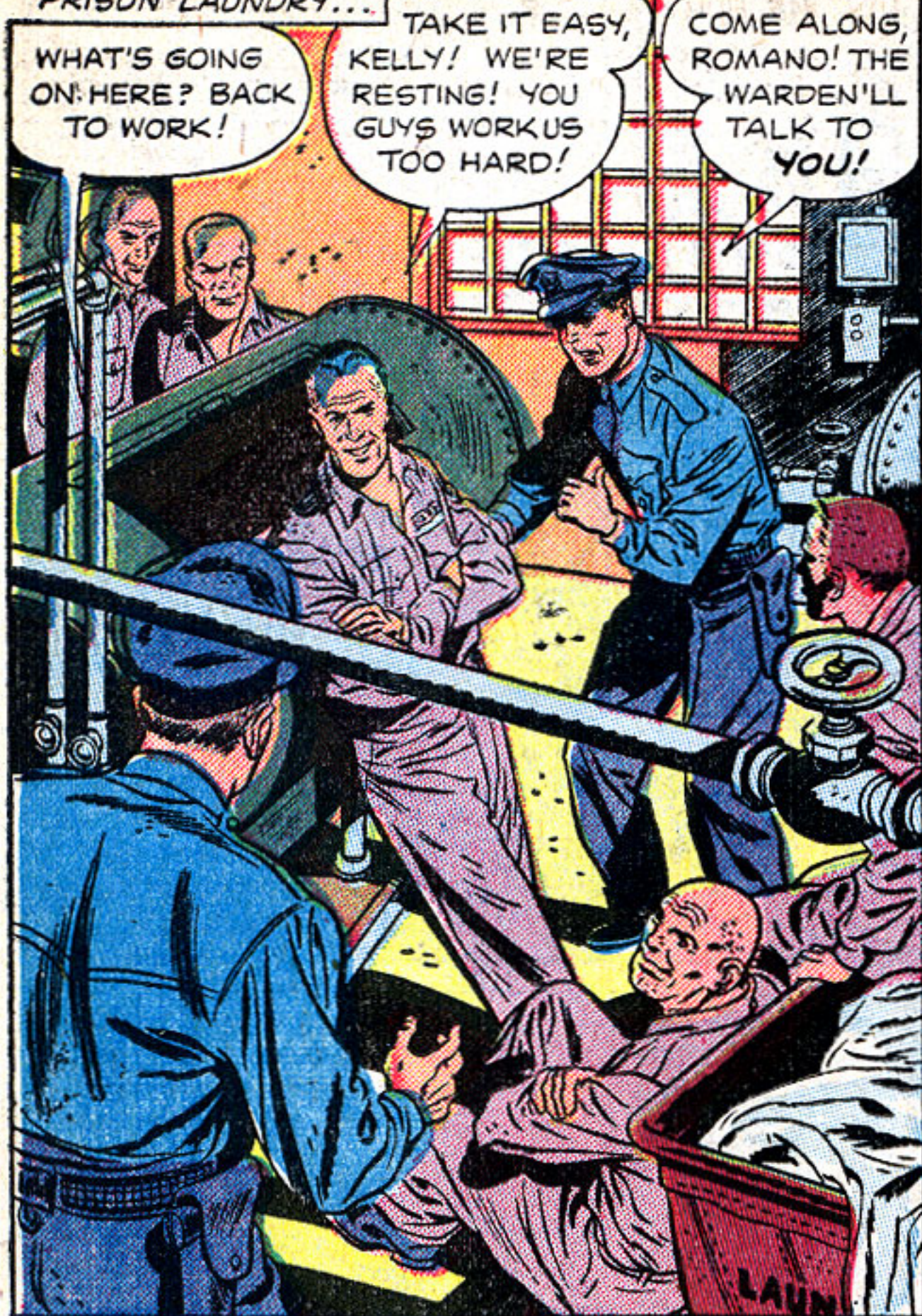
I MAY BE STICKING MY NECK OUT, MR. TRUMP, BUT YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION. HOWEVER, I WANT IT UNDERSTOOD THAT DR. ROGERS MUST PASS ON ALL MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION!

FAIR ENOUGH, WARDEN! MY PUBLISHERS WILL GO ALONG. WE THINK THIS WILL HELP TO SHOW HOW THE UNDERWORLD WORKS AND THINKS. THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!

WELL, DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

ROMANO HAS **ONE** FAVORITE CHARITY-- **SIGMUND ROMANO!** OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE ROYALTIES. ROMANO WANTS A GOOD "PRESS". WE'LL WATCH EVERYTHING CAREFULLY, WARDEN-- I HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG.

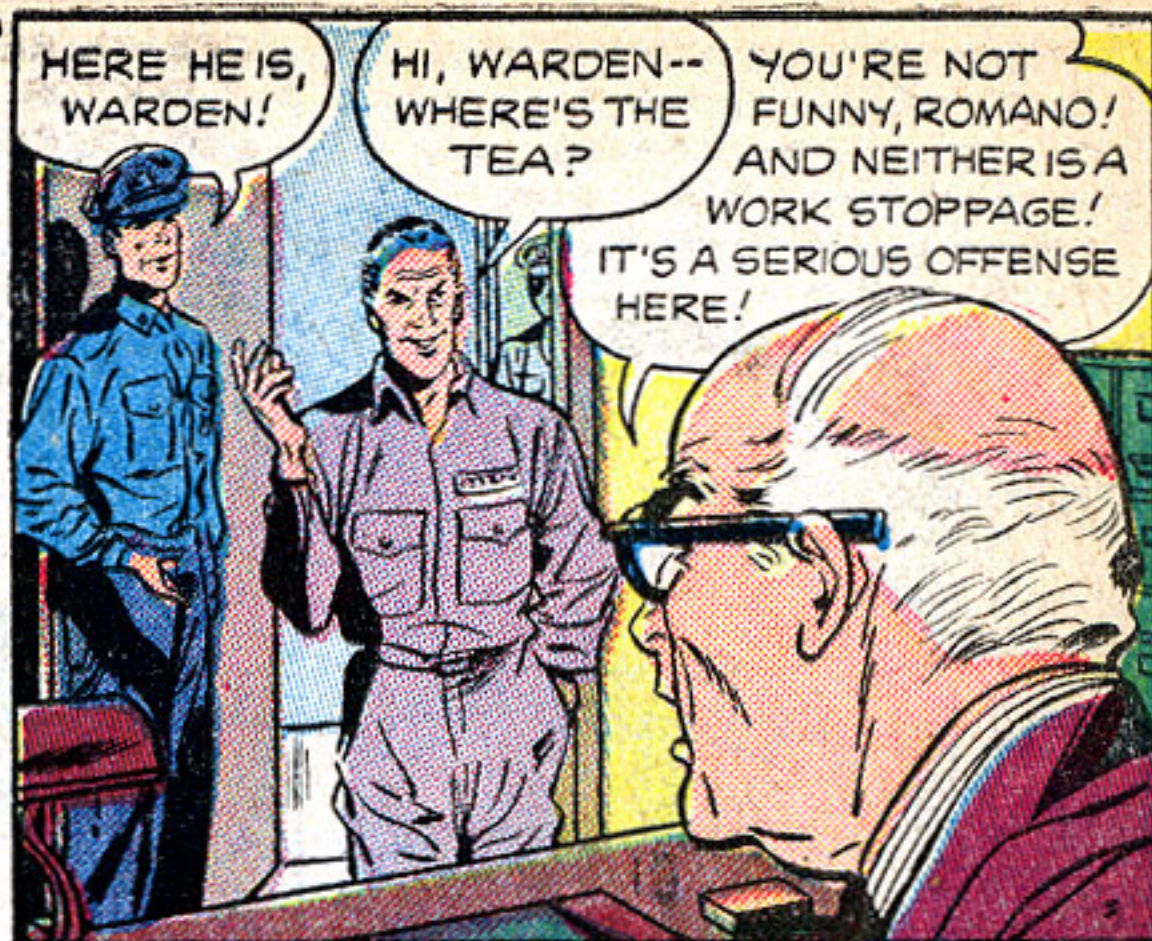
A WEEK PASSES, AND DR. ROGERS IS RIGHT... ROMANO IS A MODEL PRISONER. BUT THEN ONE DAY IN THE PRISON LAUNDRY...



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? BACK TO WORK!

TAKE IT EASY, KELLY! WE'RE RESTING! YOU GUYS WORK US TOO HARD!

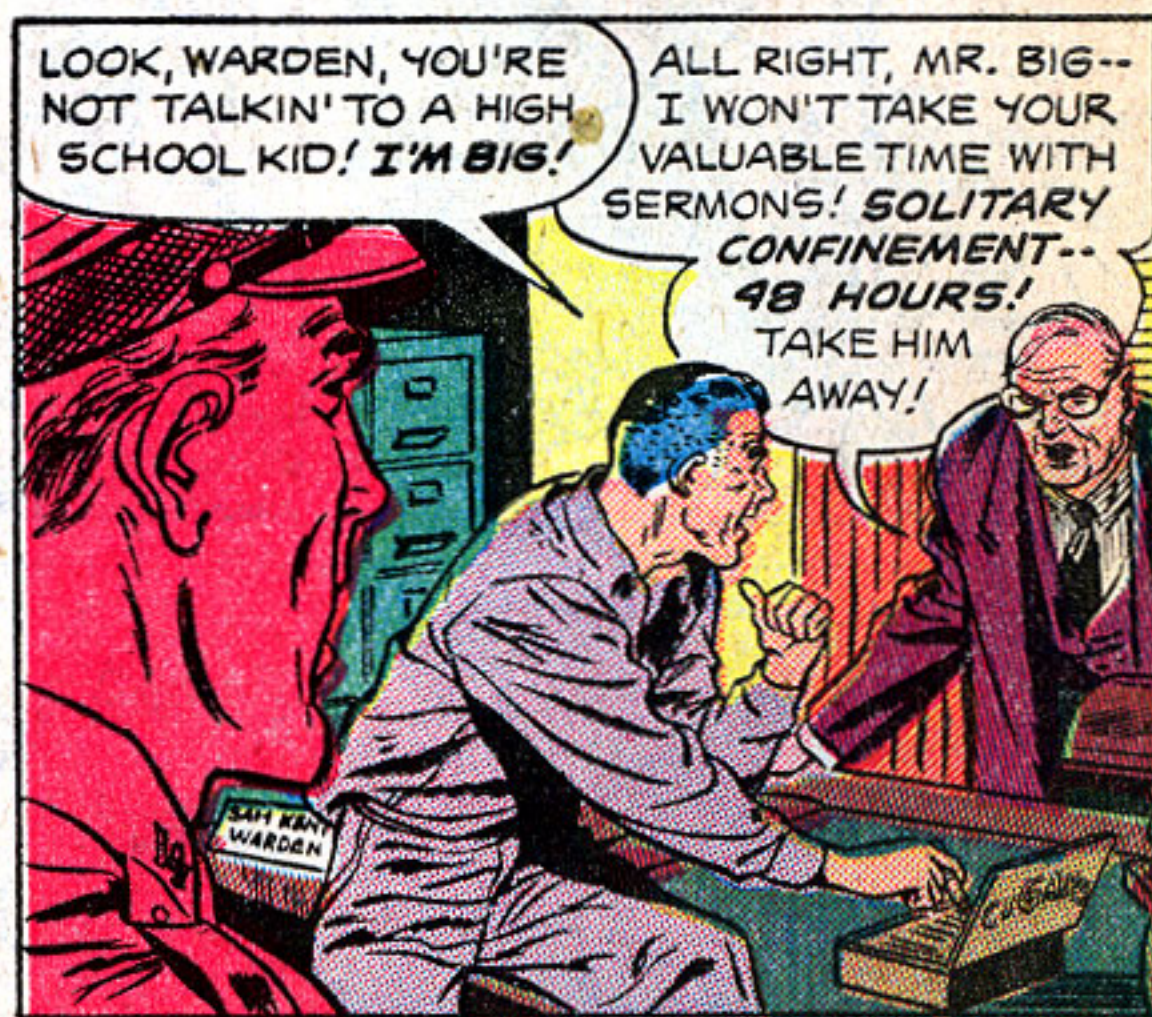
COME ALONG, ROMANO! THE WARDEN'LL TALK TO YOU!



HERE HE IS, WARDEN!

HI, WARDEN-- WHERE'S THE TEA?

YOU'RE NOT FUNNY, ROMANO! AND NEITHER IS A WORK STOPPAGE! IT'S A SERIOUS OFFENSE HERE!



LOOK, WARDEN, YOU'RE NOT TALKIN' TO A HIGH SCHOOL KID! I'M BIG!

ALL RIGHT, MR. BIG-- I WON'T TAKE YOUR VALUABLE TIME WITH SERMONS! SOLITARY CONFINEMENT-- 48 HOURS! TAKE HIM AWAY!



I'LL BREAK YOU, YOU TWO-BIT TIN BADGE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



SOME WEEKS LATER...

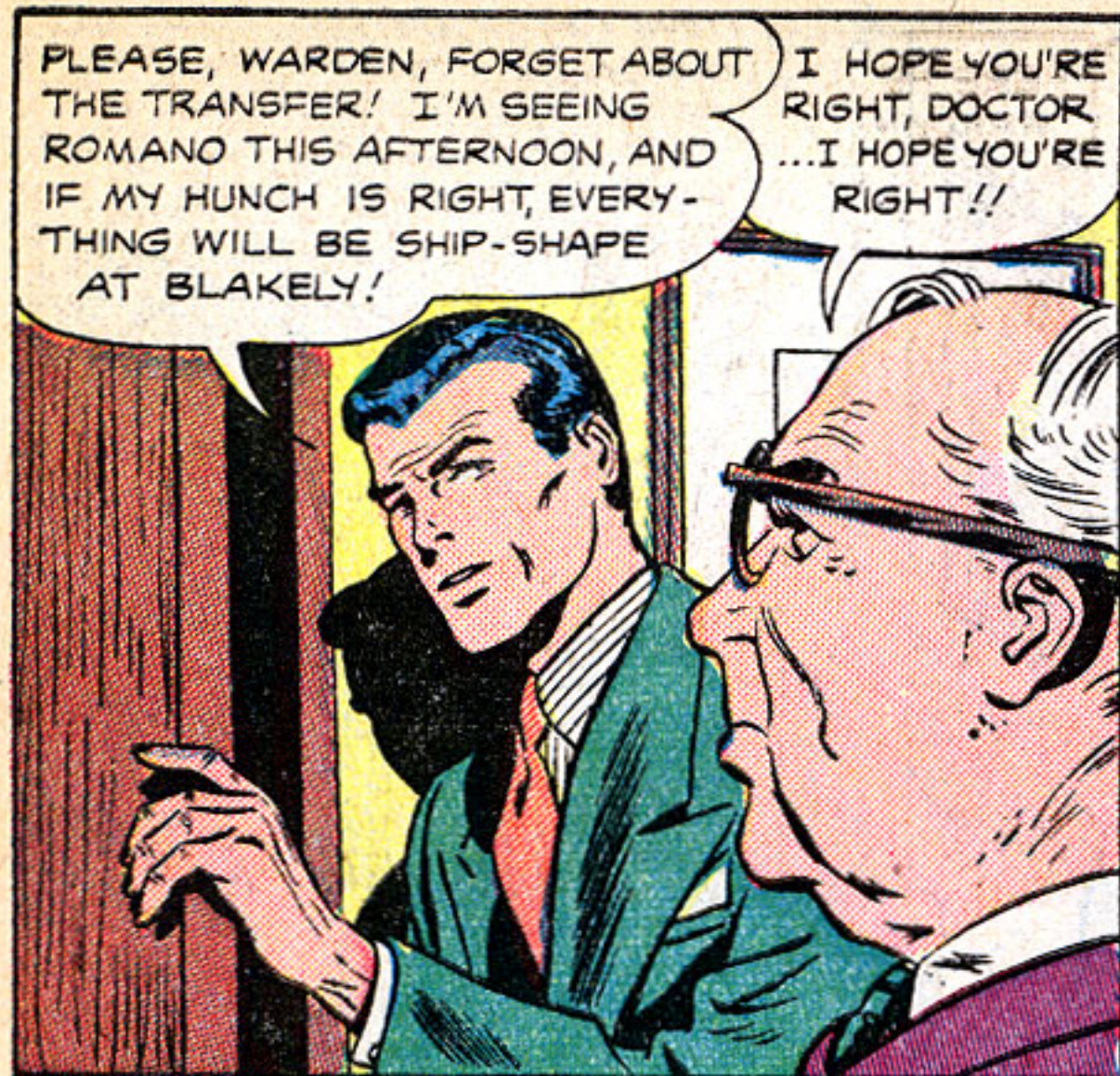
WANT TO SEE ME, WARDEN?

DOCTOR! THE SITUATION'S WORSE! THE PRISONERS TREAT ROMANO LIKE A KING! THERE'VE BEEN RIOTS AND WORK STOPPAGES EVER SINCE HE GOT OUT OF SOLITARY!



DR. ROGERS, IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'D JUST AS SOON ASK FOR A TRANSFER... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER!

REMEMBER THIS, WARDEN KENT-- YOU ARE THE LAW AT BLAKELY, NOT ROMANO! ROMANO'S BREED RESPECTS STRENGTH--THEY ABHOR WEAKNESS!



PLEASE, WARDEN, FORGET ABOUT THE TRANSFER! I'M SEEING ROMANO THIS AFTERNOON, AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, EVERYTHING WILL BE SHIP-SHAPE AT BLAKELY!

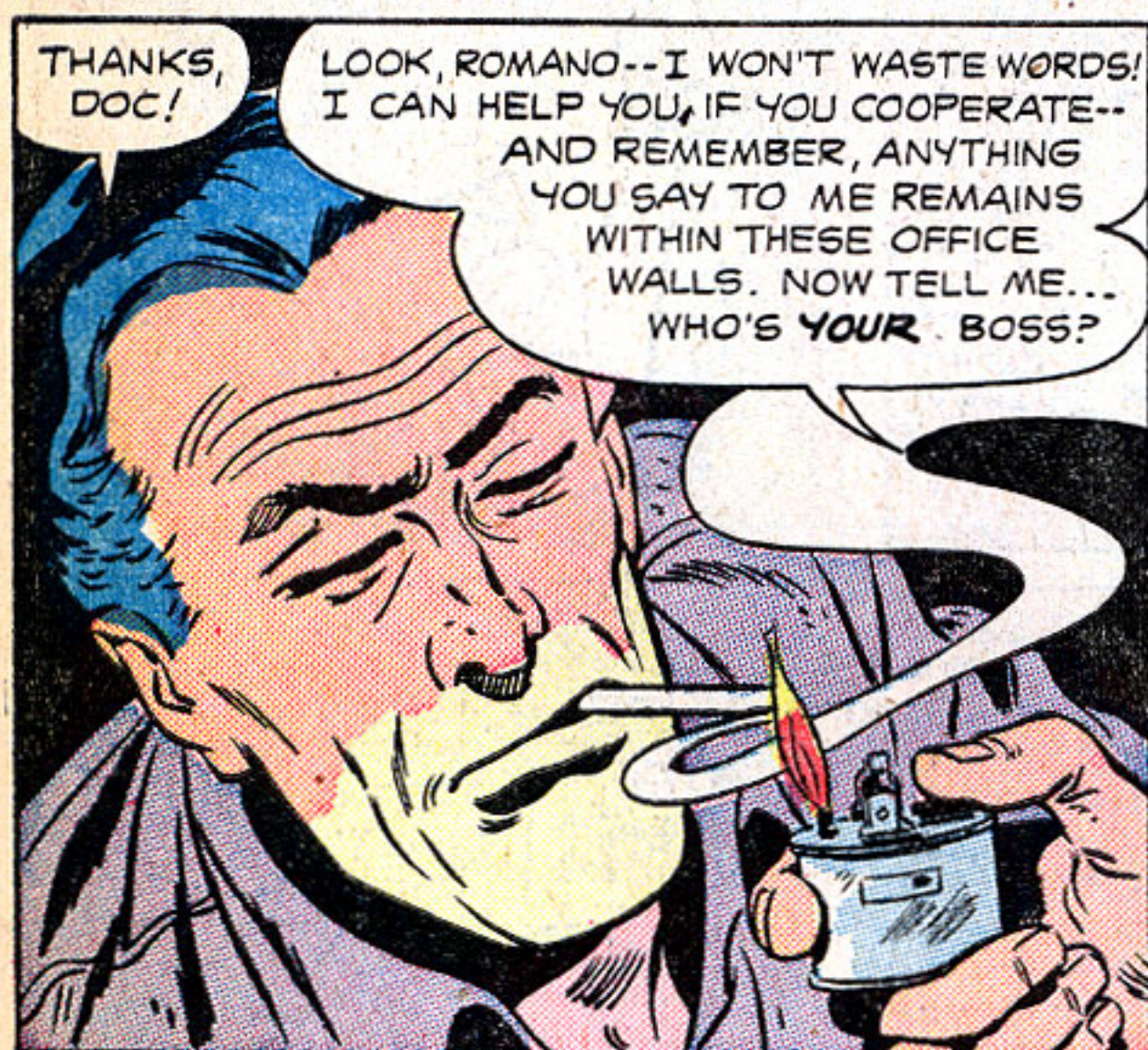
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR... I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!!



THAT AFTERNOON...

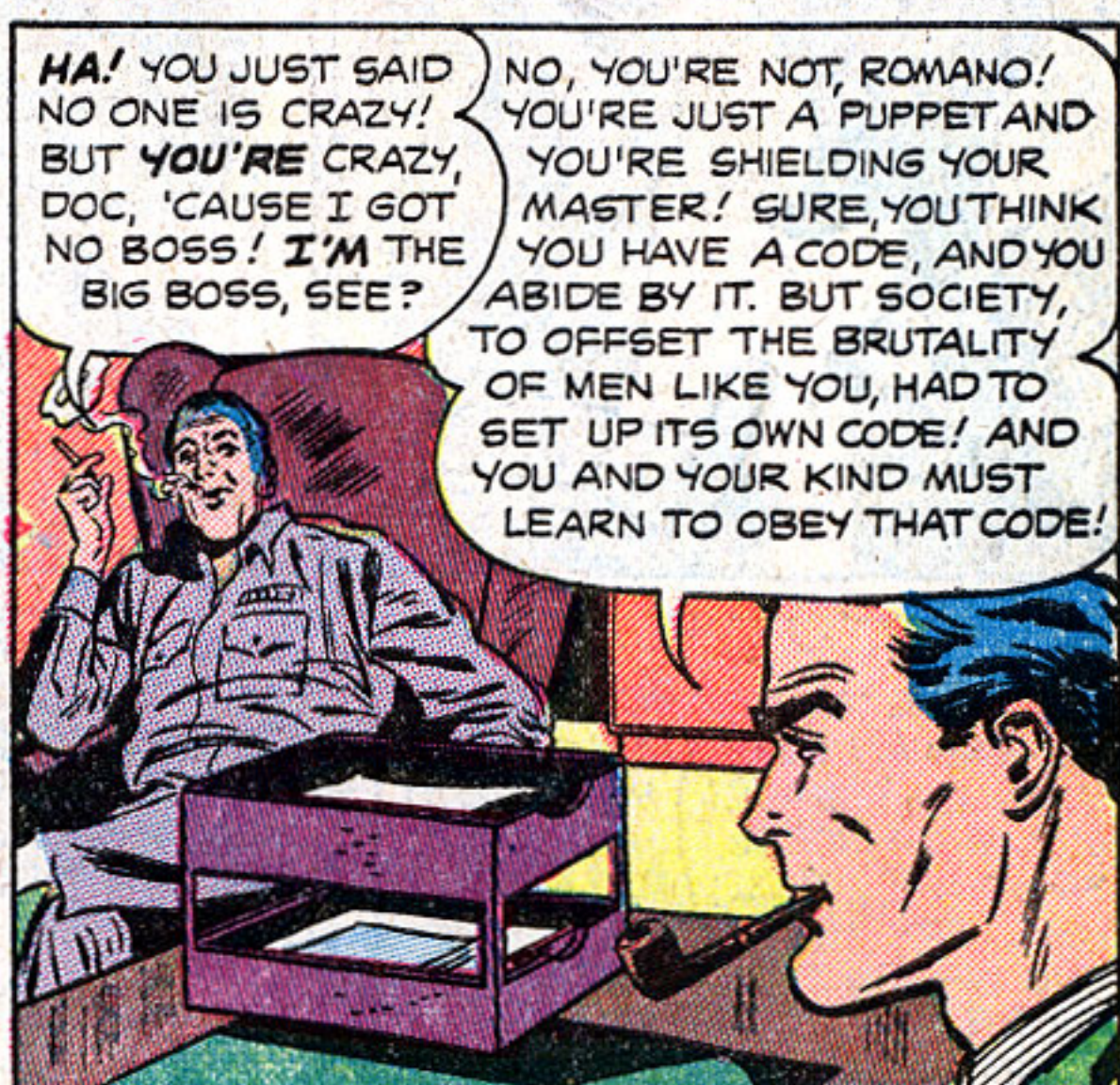
SO YOU FINALLY GOT AROUND TO ME, HUH, DOC? BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? I'M NOT CRAZY!!

NO ONE IS "CRAZY," ROMANO! HERE, HAVE A CIGARETTE!



THANKS, DOC!

LOOK, ROMANO--I WON'T WASTE WORDS! I CAN HELP YOU, IF YOU COOPERATE-- AND REMEMBER, ANYTHING YOU SAY TO ME REMAINS WITHIN THESE OFFICE WALLS. NOW TELL ME... WHO'S **YOUR** BOSS?



HA! YOU JUST SAID NO ONE IS CRAZY! BUT **YOU'RE** CRAZY, DOC, 'CAUSE I GOT NO BOSS! **I'M** THE BIG BOSS, SEE?

NO, YOU'RE NOT, ROMANO! YOU'RE JUST A PUPPET AND YOU'RE SHIELDING YOUR MASTER! SURE, YOU THINK YOU HAVE A CODE, AND YOU ABIDE BY IT. BUT SOCIETY, TO OFFSET THE BRUTALITY OF MEN LIKE YOU, HAD TO SET UP ITS OWN CODE! AND YOU AND YOUR KIND MUST LEARN TO OBEY THAT CODE!



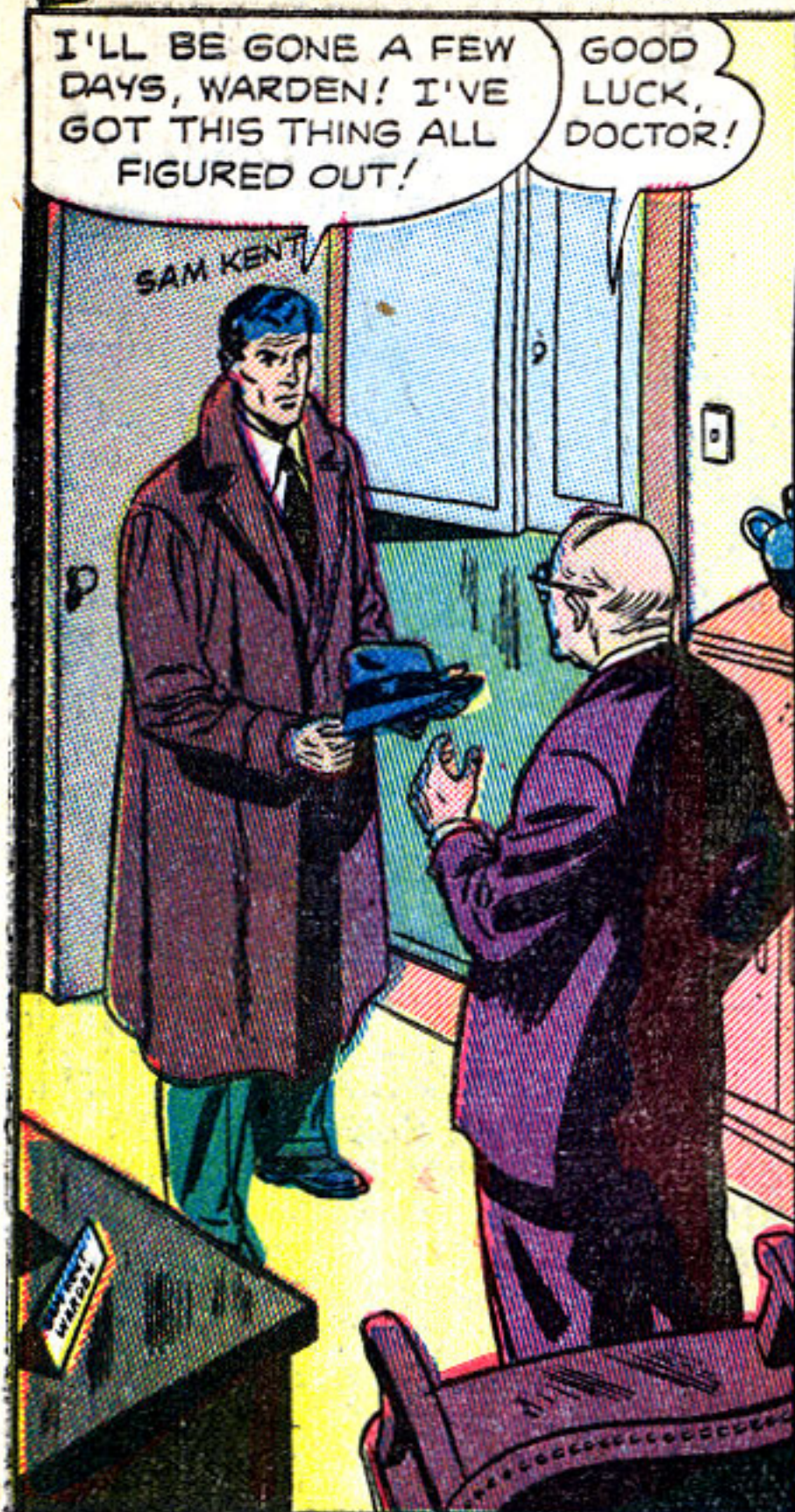
WHERE'S YOUR INFLUENCE, ROMANO? WHY HASN'T IT SET YOU FREE? I'LL TELL YOU WHY-- **YOUR BOSS DOESN'T WANT YOU OUT!** IT'S SAFER FOR HIM WITH YOU BEHIND BARS!!



I APPRECIATE THE CIGARETTE, DOC, BUT I WANT NO SERMONS! IF YOU FIND MY "BOSS," LET ME KNOW, WILL YA?

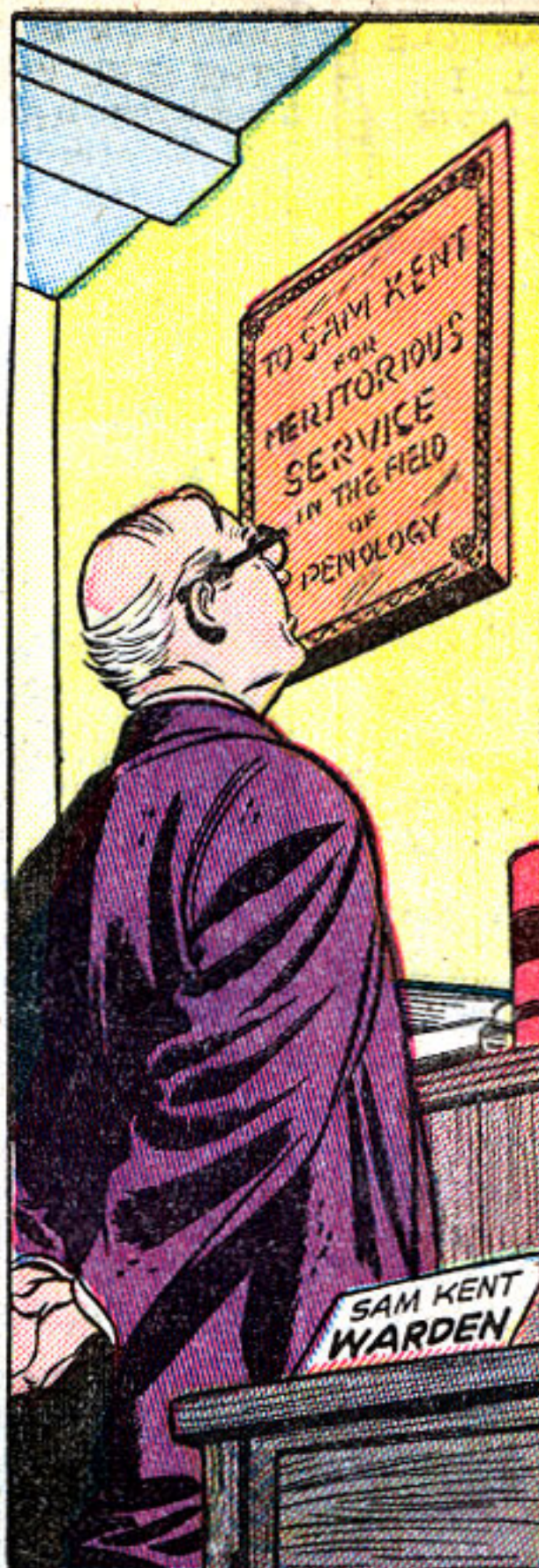
I WILL, ROMANO, I SURE WILL...

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...



I'LL BE GONE A FEW DAYS, WARDEN! I'VE GOT THIS THING ALL FIGURED OUT!

GOOD LUCK, DOCTOR!



TWO DAYS LATER, DR. ROGERS RETURNS TO BLAKELY...



HERE'S ROMANO, DOCTOR!

THANKS, BILL, THAT WILL BE ALL. SIT DOWN, ROMANO!



LOOK, DOC! DON'T MAKE ME TELL ME WHO MY BIG BOSS IS--PLEASE! I'LL BE A MODEL PRISONER...I'LL BE EVERYTHING YOU WANT ME TO BE, BUT DON'T MAKE ME TELL!

I'M GLAD YOU'VE FINALLY ADMITTED YOU'VE GOT A BOSS, ROMANO! YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING BACK TOO LONG!



MY JOB ISN'T TO BRING WRONG-DOERS TO JUSTICE! I LEAVE THAT TO THE POLICE! I HAD TO SAVE **YOU**, ROMANO, SO YOU WOULD BE OF SOME USE TO SOCIETY AND TO YOURSELF! TWENTY-THREE YEARS IS A LONG TIME TO KEEP A SECRET...

YOU KNOW!
YOU KNOW THE **TRUTH!**



YES, ROMANO-- I KNOW THE TRUTH!

DON'T TELL, DOC--PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING, BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T TELL **HER!**

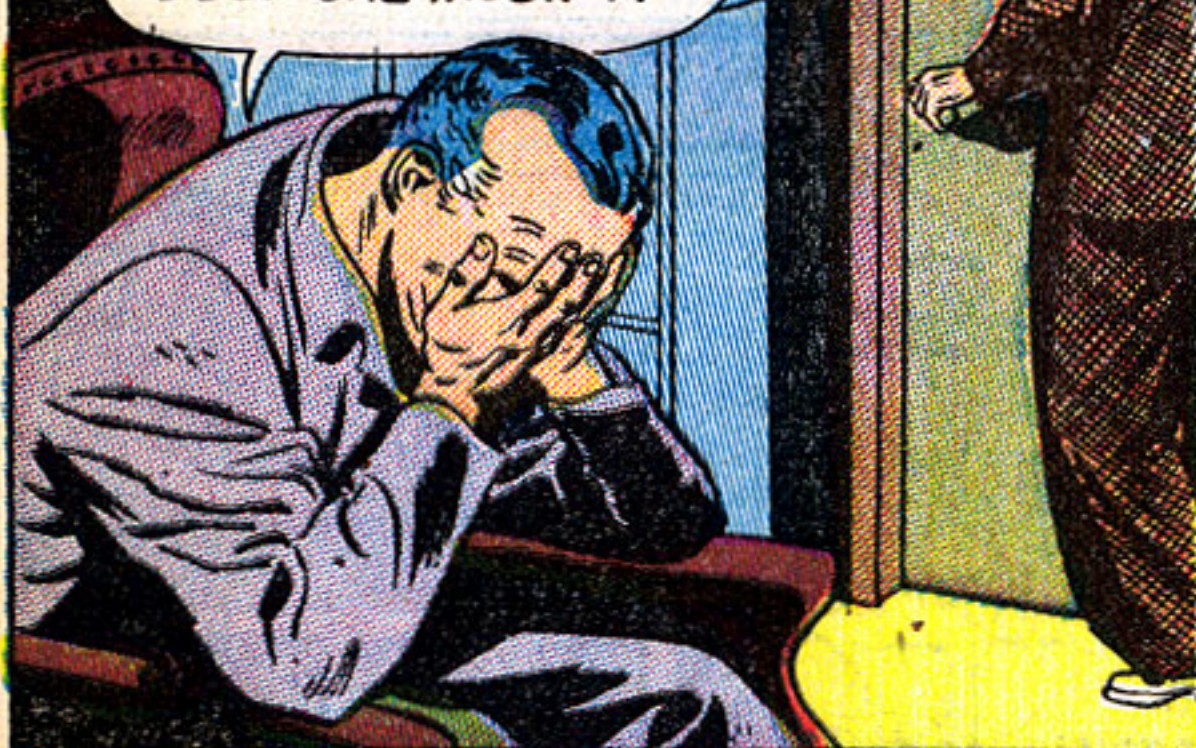
THAT MAGAZINE, "SLICK"--I READ THE ARTICLE ON YOU. YOUR WIFE DIED IN 1928. WELL, I CHECKED AND FOUND OUT THAT YOU GAVE YOUR NEW-BORN DAUGHTER AWAY! THE ADOPTIVE FATHER FOUND OUT THAT YOU--BIG-TIME ROMANO-- WAS HIS DAUGHTER'S REAL FATHER!



ANOTHER RUTHLESS MAN, HE THREATENED TO TELL THE GIRL WHO HER REAL FATHER WAS! WITH HIS THREATS AS A WEAPON, HE MADE HIMSELF YOUR REAL BOSS. AFTER THAT, YOU DID WHAT HE WANTED, EVEN PERJURING YOURSELF IN COURT! BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, ROMANO, WE ALREADY HAVE THAT MAN UNDER ARREST!

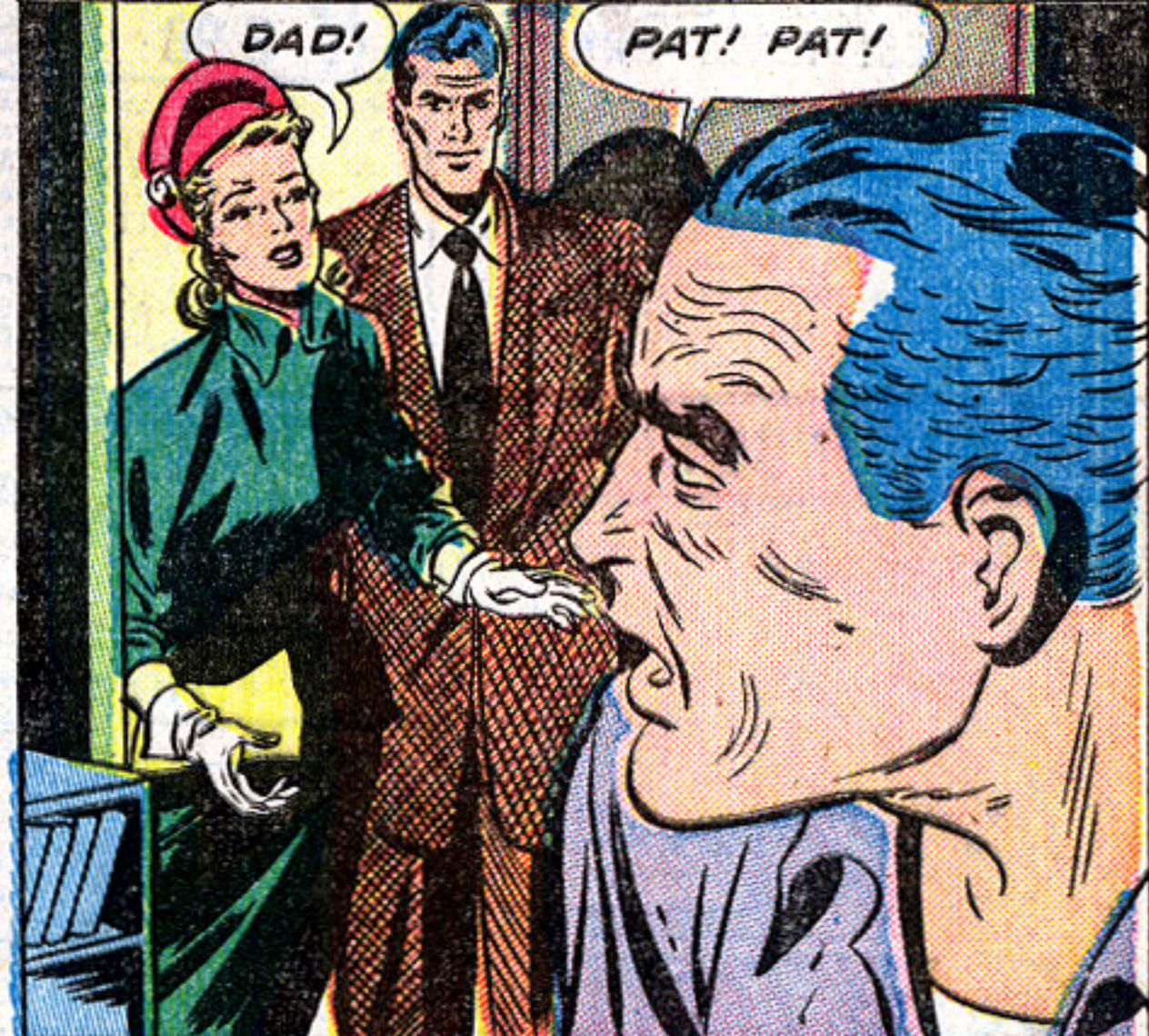


BUT WHAT OF PATRICIA? IT'LL KILL HER IF SHE FINDS OUT HER FATHER IS A CRIMINAL AND IN THE PEN! DOC, DOC, I DIDN'T WANT HER TO KNOW! THAT'S WHY I FOLLOWED ORDERS! SHE MUSN'T FIND OUT, DOC! SHE **MUSN'T**!



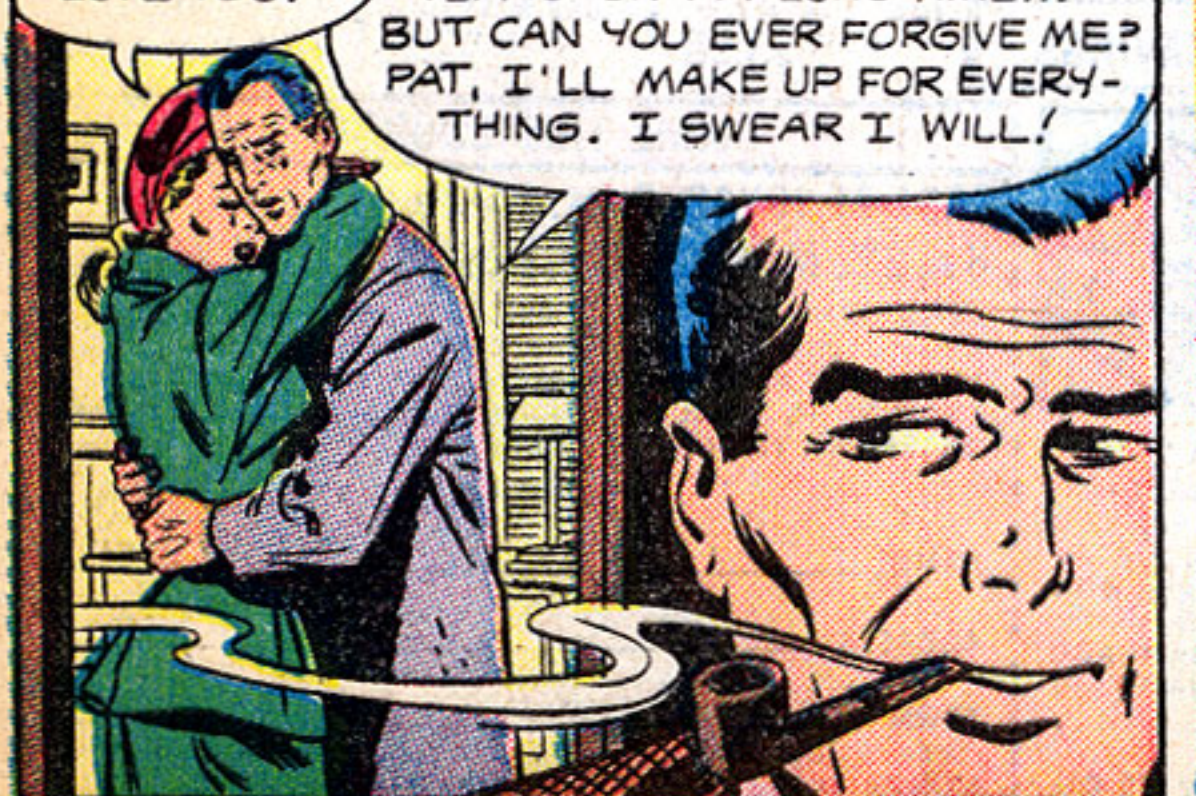
DAD!

PAT! PAT!



DR. ROGERS EXPLAINED EVERYTHING! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU ARE, DAD! I LOVE YOU!

PAT! PAT! *SOB*! NOW YOU'VE COME BACK TO ME, AT LAST! IT WAS TOO MUCH SEEING YOU EVERY DAY AND NOT BEING ABLE TO SAY A WORD. BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU! FIVE YEARS ISN'T A LONG TIME... BUT CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? PAT, I'LL MAKE UP FOR EVERYTHING. I SWEAR I WILL!



AND SOME DAYS LATER, IN WARDEN KENT'S OFFICE...

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, DR. ROGERS-- THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR CRIME CLINIC! THE RIOTS HAVE STOPPED!

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, WARDEN, A GANG HAS BEEN BUSTED AND A MAN, WHO WAS ONCE A MENACE TO SOCIETY, MAY SOMEDAY BECOME A USEFUL CITIZEN!

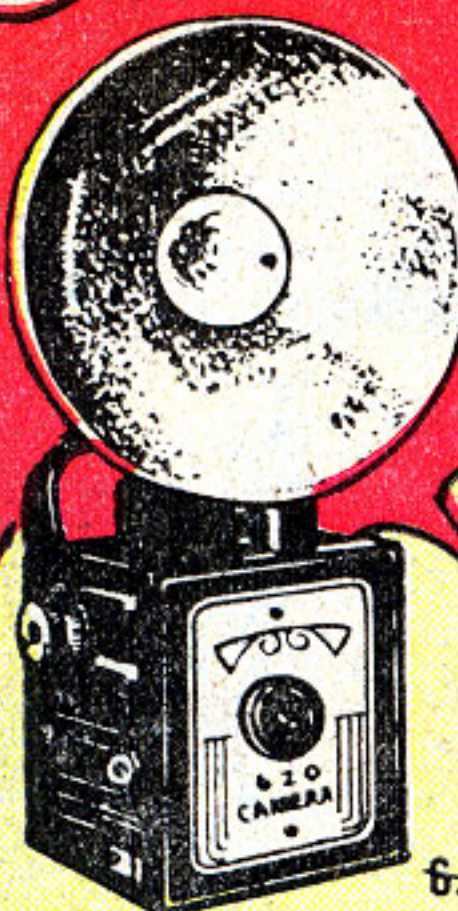


THE END

FLASH!

SPECIAL SALE! THIS MONTH ONLY

"PRESS
ACTION"
#620
FLASH
CAMERA
4.95



**INDOORS! OUTDOORS!
BLACK & WHITE! FULL COLOR!
PARTIES! NEWS SHOTS!**

An AMAZING Camera. Takes pictures DAY or NIGHT, indoors or outdoors. Sharp BLACK and WHITE snapshots or FULL COLOR photos, using Kodacolor film. 12 Big pictures on 1 Roll of film. Flash attachment snaps on or off in seconds. Catch valuable news photos. Win admiration at parties, dances. NOW \$4.95

FILM Special #620 Orthochromatic, 3 ROLLS for \$1.00

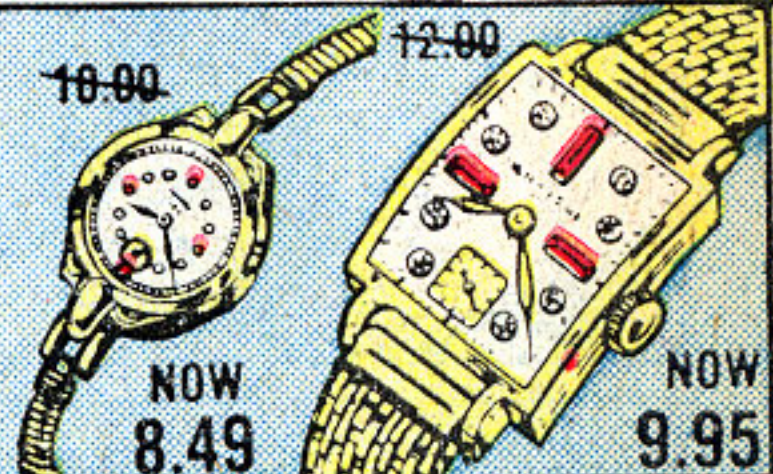
NOTICE

YOU MUST USE THE COUPON BELOW IN ORDER TO GET THESE SPECIAL PRICES. This offer will not be repeated. Supplies limited. Order while they last!



PERFECT for active women and girls. Fine JEWELLED movement in dainty case. GILT hands and numbers. Smart Link Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.98

BEST for active men and boys. SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC! Luminous Dial! Jewelled Movement! Red Sweep-Second! Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.99



Ladies' Jewelled Watch in a smart Gold finish case. Dial has 12 Flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Glamorous Snake Bracelet. NOW \$8.49

Rich, Flashing Men's Jewelled Watch with 11 Sparkling imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart Gold finish case. Deluxe Basket-weave Bracelet. NOW \$9.95

ROMANCE SET



Real Sparkling, Shining BEAUTY! Engagement Ring has 4 Flashing Brilliants and a BEAUTIFUL imitation DIAMOND SOLITAIRE. 7 Twinkling Brilliants in the Wedding Ring. 12K GOLD Filled. Both rings NOW \$3.74



Exquisite, petite LOCKET BRACELET set with your own color BIRTHSTONE. Locket is shaped like a tiny little Book and holds 6 Photos. 14K GOLD plated. NOW \$1.79

Daintily engraved HEART LOCKET with a GENUINE DIAMOND CHIP. Holds 2 photos. 12K GOLD Filled. NOW \$3.49

DIAMOND



INITIAL RING

A Handsome, Masculine Ring with your own INITIAL set in Raised GOLD effect on a BRILLIANT RUBY-RED color stone. With 2 SPARKLING imitation DIAMONDS on the sides. Rich 14K R.G.P. NOW \$2.95



FREE NO-RISK HOME TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! We want you to inspect and enjoy this fine quality merchandise - right in your own home. You risk nothing! If not delighted, return for FULL PRICE REFUND. Every article we sell is GUARANTEED! Order from this famous company and be convinced.

GUARANTEED SAVINGS



DIAMOND RING for Men. 14K R.G.P. REAL DIAMOND CHIP on Gen. MOTHER-OF-PEARL face. 2 RUBY color side SPARKLERS. NOW \$4.98



CLUSTER RING with your color BIRTHSTONE set in a circle of Blazing imitation DIAMONDS. 12K GOLD Filled. NOW \$1.84



BUCKLE RING. Manly, impressive, style with attention. 10K GOLD Filled. 3 BIG imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. NOW \$2.98



'Sun Glow' Ring. A rich simulation of a glowing Big 10 CARAT STAR RUBY with 2 side DIAMONDS Deep fire! 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.98



'Sweetheart Set. Lovely! 10 Brilliant imitation DIAMONDS with a Flashing Solitaire. 10K GOLD Filled. Both rings NOW \$2.69



'Winner' Ring. NATURAL GOLD color. 3 Big imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart Sparkling! Impress the girls NOW \$1.98



12.95
20.00

A MAGNIFICENT Men's Watch that you'll be real proud of! GUARANTEED 15 JEWEL MOVEMENT in a Handsome GENUINE 10K R.G.P. case. Rich, brilliant GOLDEN-SPRINKLED Dial with flashing GILT-NUGGET hour dots. Contrasting Jet-Black center. Genuine Alligator-grain leather strap. TERRIFIC VALUE. NOW \$12.95



'PRINCE' RING. Here's a Rich, Massive Ring for you. With a Huge Flashing imitation DIAMOND and 6 Fiery Red imitation RUBIES. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.49



'COBRA' RING. Unusual, Exciting! Realistic SNAKES, circling your finger, with 3 BLAZING imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES in the heads. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.69

MAIL THIS COUPON

CASA DE JOYAS, Dept. 2D-24
Box 232 Mad. Sq. Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY! Just cut out pictures of articles desired and attach to this coupon. Pay postman plus few cents postage and excise tax on delivery. THEN EXAMINE IN YOUR OWN HOME. SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

(Send RING SIZES, INITIAL WANTED and your BIRTH MONTH. If you need more room, attach a sheet of paper.)

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New
Scientific Formula
Called Comate May Help You

Save Your Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness—here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing new Comate Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. Comate effectively controls seborrhea—the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common

cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease: staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and corynebacterium acnes.

First, Comate was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!

PROOF 1

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, corynebacterium acnes—in 60 seconds! Report #8099,

June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Our research chemists were still not satisfied. Yes, Comate had proved itself in the test tube, but would Comate work as well on the human hair and scalp? And so another—a second—series of

experiments was prescribed, to test Comate on the hair and scalps of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of Comate when applied directly to the human scalp.

PROOF 2

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of all scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635,

December 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

After this proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women, Comate was put to the third test—the toughest of them all. Comate was sold by the thousands on

a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in Comate have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

Letters of gratitude hailing Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than

we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests—the PROOF from the scalp tests—the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found Comate the answer to their scalp troubles.

Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women. You must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles—so DON'T DELAY—fill out the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.



Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D.W.G., c/o FPO., N.Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R.H., Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G.E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D.M.H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F.J.K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H.J., McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 1905C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



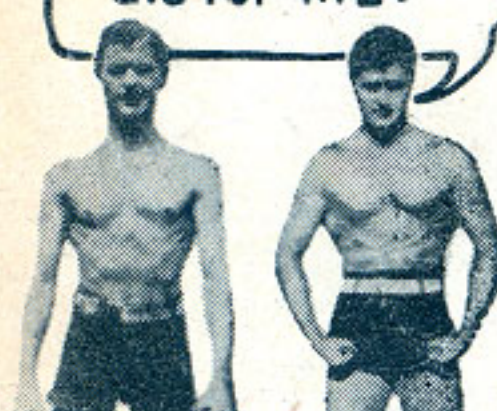

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
FAST!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

 <p>5 inches of new Muscle</p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; fore- arm 1/4". —C.S., W. Va.</p>	 <p>What a difference!</p> <p>"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (nor- mal) and 2 1/2" ex- panded." —F.S., N. Y.</p>
<p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p>  <p>John Jacobs BEFORE John Jacobs AFTER</p>	<p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful prog- ress." —W. G., N. J.</p> <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p>  <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." —T. K., N. Y.</p>

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man" in
international
contest — in
competition with
ALL men who
would consent to
appear against
him.

This is a re-
cent photo of
Charles Atlas.
This is not a
studio picture
but an actual
untouched snap-
shot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are,
or how ashamed of your present physical
condition you may be. If you can simply
raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID
MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm
—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a
day—right in your own home—is all the
time I ask of you! And there's no cost if
I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen
your back, develop your whole muscular
system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add
inches to your chest, give you a vise-like
grip, make those legs of yours lithe and
powerful. I can shoot new strength into
your old backbone, exercise those inner or-
gans, help you cram your body so full of
pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you
won't feel there's even "standing room"
left for weakness and that lazy feeling!
Before I get through with you I'll have your
whole frame "measured" to a nice, new
beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The iden-
tical natural method that I myself developed to
change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested
weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming
marvelous physical specimens—**my way**. I give you
no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you
have learned to develop your strength through
"Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial
muscle makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT**
muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch
it increase and multiply double-quick into real
solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the
trick for you. **No theory—every exercise is practical.**
And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a
day in your own home. From the very start
you'll be using my method of "Dynamic
Tension" almost unconsciously every minute
of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to
BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK 'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-
the-shoulder language. Packed with
inspirational pictures of myself and
pupils—fellows who became **NEW
MEN** in strength, my way. Let me
show you what I helped **THEM** do.
See what I can do for **YOU**! For a
real thrill, send for this book **today**—
at **ONCE**. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept.**
376Q 115 East 23rd Street, New York
10, New York.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 376Q
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic
Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me
a healthy, husky body and big muscular develop-
ment. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health
and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....